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THE ACADEMY OF PLEASURE.

Furniſhed with all kindes of Complemental Letters, Diſcourſes, and Dialogues, with variety of new Songs, Sonets and witty Inventions, &c.

LONDON.
Printed for John Stafford 167[illegible]

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urnished with all kindes of Complemental Letters, Discourses, and Dialogues; with variety of new Songs, Sonets, and witty Inventions.

eaching all sorts of Men, Maids, Widows, &c. to Speak and Write wittily, and to bear themselves Gracefully, for the attaining of their desired Ends: how to Discourse and demean themselves at Feasts and merry-Meetings at home and abroad, in the Company of Friends or Strangers:

ow to Retort, Quibble, Jeast or Joke, and to return an ingenious Answer upon any Occasion whatsoever.

ALSO,

Dictionary of all the hard *English Words* expounded. With a *Poetical Dictionary*. With other *Conceits* very pleasant and delightful, never before extant.

LONDON,

rinted by *R. Wood*, for *John Stafford*, and are to be sold at his House in *George-Yard* near to *Fleet-Bridge*, 1665.

The Academy of Pleasure.

The first Book.

A Letter of Courtship to a Maid.

Beauteous Virgin,

THose that believe Cupid to be blinde, are (undoubtedly) blinde of all their senses; he ould never aim his Darts so right, nor hit so sure, f he were not clear sighted as an Eagle. The st time I saw you, he took his stand in your fair es, and thence directed an Arrow to my heart, hich is now become but one flaming lump of ove: a Love (bright Virgin) as unstain'd as thy ertues, and as immaculate as the souls of expi- ng Martyrs; what plea then could you find; ould you be summoned to Venus Bar, if your uelty bereave him of life, who has no longer to ve then your goodness shall grant him a being? ce then, your smiles are my heaven, and your owns my hell, and that you are my ate, * and can damn or save me, me know my doom, that I may

[* and can relieve or destroy me.]

prepare my self either for Bliss or Torture; bette
to fall once then be ever falling: send me n
Sentence (dear Mistriss) as speedily as may be
since the worst that can happen will be the high
happiness;

Which is, to dye
your Marty

SONG 1
The languishing Lover.

Tune is, *When Love with unconfined wings,*

1.

WHen first my eyes perus'd thy parts,
(Thou best of women kinde)
Love drew his bowe and thril'd his darts
Into my wounded minde.

The cruel Archer emptied all
His Quiver in my breast,
And now does triumph in my fall,
While I lie slain in jest.

2.

I burn in immaterial fire,
Such as the Ghosts below
Do bathe in, yet do ne're expire;
Come *Thames*, or Silver *Poe*,

And quench these never-fading gleams
That scorch my panting heart,
Or else receive me to your streams,
That Life and Love may part.

A Complemental Discourse between a young Man and a Maid the first time of their meeting.

He.

SWeet Lady, I was never happy till this minute, nor ever had cause to think my self one of Fortunes favourites till now; when I have the felicity to behold a beauty so matchless as yours. If the word [Stranger] *do not fortifie your breast with flint, I shall have hope that the humble prostration of a loyal loving heart will not hang clouds on that heavenly face.*

She.

I Perceive (Sir) you are well skill'd in Courtship, and know how to rank and file your Compliments; but I wonder what you should see in me that might incourage you to so bold a confidence to talk of Love and Loyalty: you have not known me (Sir.)

He.

NO Lady, I have lived hitherto in a dark corner of the world, my Hemisphere has enjoyed no Sun; some duskish false and foolish fires I have seen, but now I behold the true Venus *in her full brightness: you may (perhaps) censure me of vanity, and rank me with those that take a pride to manifest what Masters of wit they are, while they*

glut the ears of their Auditors with oylie Phrases and varnished Discourses; but could you behold my heart, you would there finde a reality equal to any of the Ages past, when love was not linked to sinister ends.

She.

SIr, you might be pleased to preserve your Courtship for her, you either are, or may be more intimate with, then you are ever like to be with me; you much mistake my temper (Sir) I must have ample experience of that mans vertue, whom I afford so much as a look: there are those (no doubt) that will be proud to receive your Rhetorical Addresses; but my self am of a clear contrary inclination, who if I cannot beg your silence, as to discourses of this nature, shall be compelled to quit your company.

SONG II.

The Wanton.

Tune is, *Fair Fidelia tempt no more.*

1.

STay (my dear *Eliza*) stay,
Aurora yet has not usher'd in the day,
Lie still my dearest,
What is't thou fearest?
Let's kiss, and take our fill of *Venus* play:
Hark; what tunes do greet our ears?
(While the Doves
Sigh our Loves)
'Tis the musick of the spheres:

Then let's mingle soules,
And mount above the Poles,
Those active sweets
Between the Sheets,
Love's highest fame inroles.

2.

This great world must peopled be,
And therefore Maids do sin most monstrously,
Hang tedious woing,
He must be doing
That means to boast a numerous Progeny.
Come then (Dearest) let's advance,
Never fear
This career
Will either break or split my lance;
Sweet, this is no more
Than thy mother did before,
Loves sacred Rites
Require these nights
Forty times o're and o're.

3.

While we thus in love combine,
(I the tough Oak, and thou the tender Vine)
See where the Graces
Smile in our faces,
And hand in hand in a *Corranto* joyn:
Jove, I do not envy thee,
While I sip
From her lip
Nectar far more brisk and free,
Than that which trim's thy head,
Fill'd out by *Ganymed*.
In her all pleasures,
And all treasures
Are summ'd and centered.

A quaint Jeer.

SIR,

THose cloathes fit you as well as if they were made for you, sure you can conjure, and have the Devil for your Taylor: you could never have such a peculiar elegancy of habit else, a method that no man in Town is master of, your spruce sinifical self excepted; you do not use to starch your beard (Sir) do you?

The Retort.

Troth Sir,

THese poor ornaments found creation, as the world did, when it lay like a lump; I spake but the word and all was fitted to my hand; but to tell you the Fashioners name, I confess I cannot: onely by circumstances, (I mean, comparing his person with yours) I guess him to be that very thing that got you, you are his very picture I'le assure you Sir, and may pass for the same slack-sinew'd Taylor, were your hair more gray, and cloathes more gawdy.

A wanton Letter to a witty Gentlewoman desiring her company such a day at such a place.

Lady.

I Know I have made my self but the Ladder that your wit must mount upon by this Ad-

dress

dress, but I shall beseech you (for credit of your own clemency) to whip me onely with Rods and not with Scorpions. I have had experience of the tartness of your temper, and do perfectly know that six more such as your self are able to jeer a horse to death; but I shall hope my business will not deserve your anger, while I onely beg your company to morrow at two after noon at Mr. Grimes his house, where Tom Shallow and my self are resolved to sacrifice as much Sack as would turn a Mill, to Mirth and Beauty; you must be our Venus, the Oblation will not off else: your incomparable beauty must irradiate the Temple where we mean to Tipple, our Devotion will be as cold as Scythian Ice else. Thus humbly and earnestly begging that you would not fail, I kiss your lilly hands, and remain,

Your eternal Servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOu are excellently well skill'd in Metaphors I perceive, a shrewd Similist believe me, to compare your self to a Ladder; do you think I shall ever take the Hangmans trade out of his hands, and throw men off the Ladder for thirteen-pence-halfpenny? but had your wit a visible body, I am confident it were more easie to strangle a Cat at Tyburn, then to rob that lythe light thing of

life with a Rope; do you think that I use to string my whips with Scorpions upon such trivial occasions? a beesome of Birch will be sufficient to sweep away Legions of such Lapwings as those, who travail'd with their Tenements upon their heads. Six such as my self you say are able to jeer a Horse to death; but I must tell you, you are but an Asse for saying so: for my conversation never extended to a Dialogue with a Dromedary. What a beastly Quibble was this? to come to the matter, you will sacrifice as much Sack as would turn a Mill. Oh rare! You mean that windemil in your brain, which would be of no use if it were a Water-mill: for there is not so much moisture in that pittiful pan of thine as would bedew a clout: You beg that I will afford you my company to morrow, two after Noon, and you prattle of Temples, Oblations, and Irradiations; will you never leave your Eloquence till the Carre-men curse you; but I shall be with you, if it be but for Mr. Shallows *sake.*

Till when and ever

Yours verily.

SONG

SONG III.

A Dialogue between two Lovers.

Tune is, Phil Porters Rant.

1.

He. WHy dearest *Mol* art thou so coy?
Why dost thou flie my love?
Fie, fie! a Maidenhead is but a toy,
As thou wilt shortly prove:
Come then my Darling,
Cease further parling,
We spend the time in vain;
Accept that duty
I owe thy beauty,
O're and o're again.

2.

She. O fie upon dissembling men!
That will cog, and swear, and lye
Till they attain their ends; but then
Bid the Lass they lov'd God b'uy,
E're she's a Mother
They'r for another,
Never true to one!
Therefore I'le take care
Who has my ware,
And all allurements shun.

3.

He. What though some perjur'd knave, my (Dear)
Has sacred Love abus'd,
Shall he that doth most truly swear
For his sake be accus'd:

By all things binding,
And worth the minding,
By thy beauty bright,
(With words unfeigned,
And thoughts unstained)
Thou art my souls delight.

She. Here then we'l knit those holy bands
That joyn two hearts in one,
God *Cupids* self doth guide our hands,
No more I'le lie alone:
Thou (sweet) shalt sway me,
I will obey thee
Till death shall drive us hence:
Then (in our shrouds)
We'l melt i'th' clouds,
And new found joyes commence.

A Flout.

Directed to a Maid, or Widow, more proud then proper, and more coy then comely.

FAir Lady, methinks you are not Mistress of so much beauty as might make you proud; a Gentlewoman of ginger-bread (for ought I know) may make a better Bedfellow; what are good cloathes when the face is wanting, but like small beer in a silver goblet; a meer Mercers Lucifer, but not a rag of Natures Wardrobe about you.

Her

Her Retort.

SIR,

You are a strange Gentleman, and something desperate to talk thus to one you know not; my name was never yet serv'd up at Ordnaries, nor belcht abroad in Taverns by any such Royster as you seem to be; I should think my self the most unhappy of all my sex, if there were any thing in me that might merit the respect of such a Satyr as your self.

SONG IV.

Tune is, *There were three Cheesers, &c.*

1.

COme *Francelia*, come away,
Why do we waste so bright a day?
Let's make haste to yonder grove,
There I'le give th' earnest of my Love.
On a bed of Daisies thee I'le throw,
Every pretty Virgin should do so.

2.

Then we'l sit and sport a while,
And with talk the time beguile,
Till bright Sol begin to shrink
As if he meant the Sea to drink;
Then unto *Islington* we'l go;
Every pretty Virgin should do so.

3.

There with Cakes and Cream we'l feast,
While my Hoast does break a Jest.

Nur-

Nut-brown Ale that cures the weak,
And can compel a cat to speak:
There will we laugh, and kiss, and woo,
Every pretty Virgin should do so.

4.

And when the envious night comes on
Over the Fields we will be gone,
There I'le give thee as we pass
A Gown as green as is the Grass,
For which thou shalt owe me a kiss or two,
Every pretty Virgin should do so.

5.

Then towards *London* (though't be late
We'l come and view thy Fathers gate,
Where (O sad Fate!) that I must leave thee,
Thy Fathers servants will receive thee:
But we shall meet again I trow,
Every pretty Virgin should do so.

6.

Thus having parted with my Sweet,
I like a shadow pass the street;
For why? my soul is left with thee,
Keep it (*Francelia*) charily:
On fair it fall on *Cupids* bowe,
Every pretty Virgin should do so.

The Lover Courts the Maid to mediate for him to her Mistriss.

Lover.

Sweet Sarah, I know your kindeness can excuse my boldness, especially when you have put on this

this Toy upon your finger; nay, by Venus, you shall not refuse it: I know you hold your Mistriss in your power, you are her Counsellour, and see puts not a Flea to death without your privity: will you indear me to her esteem, and procure me such addresses as may be fit and opportune? you know my meaning.

Maid.

TRuly (though you may not know it) I have already mentioned your praises, and with some vehemency; nay, and which is more, she lends a listening ear to all that she hears concerning you; I could tell you something, Sir, that would rejoyce you: let it suffice, she never hears your name but her colour comes and goes; to my knowledge, she has a good opinion of your person and your parts.

Lover.

But is it possible (my dear Sarah) that we may converse by Star or Moon-light?

Maid.

I dare promise you, Sir, but meaning no harm, Sir.

Lover.

Do but accomplish what thou hast spoken, and command me, though to the loss of fame, of treasures, and of life; nay, chain me as thy slave. So farewel sweet Sarah.

Maid.

Your faithful Servant, Sir.

SONG.

SONG V.

A Dialogue between two Lovers.

Tune is, Fain I would if I could, &c.

1.

He. I Would fain
Once again
Fold thee in my armes,
Why shouldst thou shun
What we have done,
Ere now on equal terms?
Can love that's grounded die?
Why art thou then so shie,
Come prethee let me try,
And put on all thy charms.

2.

She. While you were
My onely dear
I car'd for none but you;
'Tis your own fault
Has made the halt,
You false, shall I prove true?
You first did break the Truce
By offering Love abuse,
Nor can you finde excuse,
Therefore (good Sir) adieu.

3.

He. Did never none
But I alone
Sully Loves snowy vest?
You'l finde there's more
By many a score,
Like me have sinn'd in jest,
You onely I preser,
Although I courted her;
Your name alone I wear,
Lodg'd in a loyal breast.

4.

She. Custome and art
Has taught your heart
How to dissemble finely,
Your very thought
Is worse then nought,
Yet you can prate divinely;
But I'le believe no more,
One perjur'd o're and o're.
Go get you to your Wh——
Sleep on in sin, supinely.

5.

He. By all that can
Oblige a man,
I swear (my dearest Dear)
My future love
Shall fully prove,
I move in vertues sphere.
I loathe what I have done,
And shall such Syrens shun
Thou all my heart hast won,
And shale be Regent there.

6.

She. The love that I
Did really
Profess to you of late,
So swayes my sense
I want a fence
To keep our love and fate.
Look down ye heavenly powers
On this new league of ours
From your immortal Towers——
——Let's kiss and supplicate.

A Letter from some Gentlemans Creature, t
a poor (but beauteous) Gentlewoman, &c.

Fair Mistriss,

THough I am not so wise to know how you m
palliate my proposal, yet probability bids m
believe you will not be angry with him that h
projected away for your profit: I saw you in
place the other day, and could not but pitty you
and withal, curse those squint-ey'd times, tha
expose so much beauty as you are Mistris of, t
so extream penury: I know you do not go so poo
on purpose to manifest your modesty, so that by yo
I perceive that glorious births (such as I am con-
fident yours is) are made infamous by rags, and
base births are made glorious by gorgeous appa-
rel: if you shall please to hearken to my advice, I
shall prescribe you a way how to become the Mi-
striss of a better fortune then at present you are; I
have a Master, Squire D. by name, that will make
you his Danae, and court you like another Jupiter
in a golden showre, provided you will but hold up
your lap to receive it: do not five hundred in thi
Town think you (though with worse faces then
yours) do worse then this? no woman that bears
a brave minde will refuse any thing that is good.
Virtue (in this Age of ours) will not feed you, or
cloathe you. Thus desiring your serious and sudden
Answer by this Bearer, I commit you to your pro-
fitable thoughts, and remain

Your devoted Servant.

The Answer.

Sir,

BUt that I would not bring my own name in question, I would proclaim to the world what a fine perswasive Pimp you are; but Sir, you ought to know that I had rather lodge under a poor thatche Roof with honesty, then under carved Cielings as a Prostitute: I know the price of ills too well, and what their confusions are in whom they inhabit; how soon women are won to their ruine, and for a minutes pleasure eternally undo themselves; though I am poor my honour is precious, and it is a Devils consequent; that because we are wanting, therefore we must be wicked. I cannot be carried away with a cast of manchets, a bottle of wine, and a custard; no, nor with a sattin gown, musick, coaches, and midnight revels: you have a leprous soul whoever you are, and deserve the gallows more then a murtherer; but I shall remember your name and trade, and tell the world accordingly. So wishing you a more honest heart, together with a more manly imployment, I commit you to your crimes,

And am, &c.

One

One Friend ingratiates another into the acquaintance of a third, &c.

1 Friend.

SIR,

LEt me preferre this Gentleman unto your knowledge, he will deserve your notice.

2 Friend.

I Thank you dear Sir, no friend of your choice can deserve less.

1 Friend.

SIR,

I shall thank you for any friendship shown to him as if it were done to my self.

2 Friend.

You may command me any thing. Sir, your humble Servant: give me your hand. It is not my manner to use much Courtship; but I will promise to befriend you in all things that are in my power, and perform it too, Sir.

3 Friend.

Sir,

I Shall be happy to call my self, Your humble Creature: your kinde proffer claims a just power over my belief.

SONG

SONG VI.

The willing Prisoner.

Tune is, *Bowe Bells.*

1.

When first my heart
Felt *Cupids* dart,
I strove (but all in vain) its force to break;
The blinde God langh'd
And sent a shaft
To second t'other, thinking 'twas too weak;
Then to earth I fell,
All mortals bow to mighty *Jove*, & his most potent spell.

Now am I the Victors prize,
Being shackell'd with gold crisped wires,
A slave unto two Sun-like eyes
Burnt up with invisible fires.

At once I am bound, and yet free too,
Mortal and immortal at once;
I'm healthy and sound to see to,
Yet sickness has seiz'd my bones.

2.

Oh gentle God!
Take off thy rod,
I yield and vow to serve thee all my dayes;
Temples I'le build,
And offerings yield,
Penning peculiar Hymns unto thy praise;
But be pleas'd great power (bower
To send one Arrow tipt with gold from thy fair mothers

That

That may wound my *Amadine*,
Who's deaf unto all my laments,
Pierce her heart like mine
Until the stern Goddess relents;
So shall I sing thy glory,
And mention thy praises each day,
While those that do hear my story
Shall stoop to thy sovereign sway.

3.

Why *Cupid*, why
Doest thou not try
To tempt some Poet to restore thy eyes?
And with thy nature
To stretch thy stature,
Who art the strongest of the Deities.
Has not *Jove* by thee
Been thrown from heaven to earth to court mortality?

To behold thee *Phœbus* turns
His Coach in his fullest career;
Neptune in the water burns,
And *Pluto* is wounded with fear.
All creatures do cringe to thy Quiver,
Beasts, Birds, and what *Thetis* contains,
Who art the Olympical Driver;
No mortal can fly from thy trains.

4.

Then let us twine
Sweet *Amadine*,
Platonick Lovers we at first will seem,
But when that dies
We'l wantonize,
'Tis active love alone, that's worth esteem:

We'l

We'l contract our bliss, (kiss.
Those other sweets that should wait on the tincture of a

Then shall eithers joyes encrease,
Renewing their youth with the day,
When my flames thou shalt appease,
And take this hot humor away.
Then like to Saints expiring
We'l breathe our souls in each other,
And having gain'd strength by retiring,
I'le make thee (my dearest) a Mother.

To a Rival.

A complemental, yet threatning Letter.

SIR,

CAnnot your friend purchase a little fire to thaw his appetite by, but must you that have been daily sing'd in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him of it: how can this appear other then a piece of malice? If I indure this, you may Earbore me for your slave, but you shall find my temper not so tame as (perhaps) you imagine: for, since you neither savour of good breeding, nor bringing up, I am resolved to slice your hamstrings, but I will make you show mannerly; my fire is not so hot that I need a screan before it, 'tis but newly kindled; yet if it were risen to a flame, I should not suffer my best friend to stand before me: You are an intelligent man, and I need say no more, but that I am, (If you think fit)

Your true Friend.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Am sorry that you will needs ingross Hell t
your self; Heaven forbid that you should n
suffer a stranger to come in, the Devil himse
is not so unmannerly; You think now, that I wi
beg an office there before you, and keep you ou
Now God forgive you for your huge mistake, I a
none of those guilded flies that will light upon suc
strange flesh; I may use Courtship, or so, but dar
not thrust my hand into another mans fire: I hav
no minde to surfeit away my name and state i
swinish riots, steep away my youth, and awake
gray bearded begger. Take your toy to your sel
(Sir) never doubt that I shall attempt to supplan
you, not but that if I had a will I durst stand you
fury, were you armed with thunder, and coul
mannage an Oake like a Bull rush. Thus Sir, I
hope I have given you a plenary satisfaction as t
your Scolopendra, you shall finde me upon a
scores at your own appointment, either for sincer
friendship, or utter enmity,

And alwayes, &c.

A

A short Courtship.

A Dialogue between two Lovers.

She.

TRuly Sir, you think your self much a Master of my modesty, you would never give me such continual cause to blush else; I could finde courage (I am confident) to chide you for it; but that I would not administer any cause that might justifie your departure from me. Where I have hope my prayers and innocence shall detain you till the full consummation of our loves.

He.

I Confess I have more of Mars *then* Minerva *in me, I never sucke the aire of* France, *and therefore you must not expect fine language from me; yet I can tell you (with truth for warrant) that he that hopes for better felicity in the other world, than what I enjoy in your blest society, must fast, pray, and live very severely to attain it.*

She.

Sir,

I Perceive that you willingly mistake, you make me proud with your similitude, but whilst that I gain by it, your inference is at a loss; but this is because you know you have as great a priviledge to injure me as to abuse your self.

He

He.

Shall I be heard then when I speak, and l
listned unto chearfully, that so I may recover m
sick hopes by degrees?

She.

I know you cannot lose your vertues (Sir) a
then you may assure your self my courtesies w
never fail; if I should promise you more, your s
would deem me too prodigal of that which in n
bleness you cannot receive.

SONG VII.

The forsaken Lover.

Tune is, *Franklin is fled away.*

1.

SInce thenaby vows (false Maid)
Are blown to aire,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair;
Within some wilderness
I will my griefs express.
And thy false heartedness,
Oh cruel fair!

2.

Have I not grav'd thy love
On every tree,
In yonder verdant Grove,
Though false to me:
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both?
Thou thy faith, and I my troth,
Real to be.

3 Son

3.

Some gloomy Nock I'le finde,
Some baleful Glade
Where neither Sun nor Winde
Ere entrance made:
There will I curse that Fate
Gave me so false a Mate,
Then thou'lt repent too late
(Disloyal Maid.)

4.

Wilde fruits I'le make my meat,
And drink the spring,
The earth shall be my seat,
For covering;
I'le have the starry skie
My corps to canopy,
Till my soul from me flie
To Heavens King.

5.

No Grave do I desire,
Or Obsequies,
No groans or Funeral fire,
No watry eyes:
The courteous Red-breast, he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my Elegy
In Ruthful wise.

6.

But when I soul-less am
I'le visit thee,
Thou most obdurate Dame,
Whose cruelty
Has slain the truest heart,
Ere pierc'd by *Cupids* Dart,
Not Death my love shall part,
Nor destiny.

A Letter from one crafty Citizen to anoth concerning a fine busines.

Mr. L.

I Have a task worthy the pregnancy of your spirit, an exercise for your pointed wits (wondrous in a Citizen) to work upon; give me a man that even out of his recreations can cull advantage, that dives into seasons, and never walks but thinks of something tending to his profit: know then, I but lately made a journey into Sussex, where I perused a fair Lordship belonging to one Mr. (his Father, but newly dead, and himself now Town, and come on purpose hither to learn the fashions of London; he is already become acquainted with some Hectors of note, resorts to Gaming as well as Bawdy Houses: this young N vice lately bought some cloath of me, and my W being in the shop, he took an occasion to court h and finding (as I had strictly injoyned her) that was not scorned, but rather courted both by her and me, he every day visits my house, and I th will one day drown us all with good Sherry, in ward whereof, I am resolved to murther his estate, and stifle his Right; there are means ways enough to hook in such Gentry: you come acquainted with him, and while he is b about my wife, I will be as busie about his La

To be a Cuckold is but for ones life,
When Land remains to me, my Heir, or Wife.

I will ingratiate you into his company, take sure notice of him, he is fresh and free, shift your self speedily into the shape of a Gallant; I'le swell your purse with Angels, keep foot by foot with him, outdare his expences, flatter Dice and Brothel to him, give him a sweet taste of sensuality, train him to every wasteful sin that he may quickly need health, but especially Money. Ravish him with a Dame or two, be his Bawd for once, I will be yours for ever. Come to me anon in the evening when we will confer together about this weighty business, till when and ever

Yours all over, *&c.*

Exquisite Nonsense.

Like to a Church with thirty Chimneys in't,
Or like the entrials of a Cabbage Mint,
Or like a Childe born both with Teeth and Beard,
Or like the green blue Garter of a Lord,
Or like a Maid with Childe that ne're knew man,
Or like the dancing of a Dripping pan,
Or like a Man that sings without a Tongue,
Or like two Adamants together clung;
Such, such is he that never had a Mother,
Yet boasts two Sisters and a younger Brother.

He.

Dear Mistriss,

WHy will you lose so much time? those Lillies and Roses that nature hath planted in your blooming Cheek, will one day fade and wither, your odour and your precious Colour must yield to time.

She.

THe loss will not be much mourn'd for Sir, since it will very hardly be discerned.

He.

Sweetest, you remove your understanding a great distance from my words; and make that of no use which tends to perswade you to a present enjoyment of this pleasant treasure, while it lasts; why are you still inclosed like an Anchoress, and why doth your nicety bar your chamber door, when if the Priest were but paid for a few ceremonious words, I might be licensed to your bed and your bosome too.

She.

Our marriage Sir, may promise all you can imagine, but till then you must give me leave not to admit of such opportunities, as may give breath to ill reports.

He.

Nay, be not angry (my dearest) nor censure any thing I have spoken with an unkinde belief; heare but my vowes.

She.

She.

Not now Sir, you have a greater power to raise my sorrow then my choller.

He.

Yet please to remember, that I have your heart by a sacred plight, our wedding day is not now far off.

She.

I shall never finde the way to break my faith, but till that hour you talk of is come, I shall desire that our converse may be more remote; you know how liable Lovers are to the lash of lewd tongues.

A complement.

One taking acquaintance of another, as his Friends Friend.

1 Gent. *I am bold to salute you Sir, you know not Mr. S.*

2 Gent. *Yes indeed Sir, most entirely well; he is a Gentleman I am much obliged to for many favours: He is second to my bosome.*

1 Gent. *I shall keep Christmas with him, where your health shall undoubtedly be remembred: I would sue for your name Sir.*

2. Gent. *Your suit shall end in one Term Sir, my name is* B.

1. Gent. *Kinde Mr.* B. *your dear acquaintance, I must needs present you with a Glass of Sack.*

2 Gent. *Sir, your servant, I shall retalliate your love.*

SONG VIII.

The contemplative Lover.

Tune is, *She lay all naked in her bed.*

1.

UPon her Couch *Martha* lay,
A thousand *Cupids* by her,
Like new faln snow melting away
While I stood wondring nigh her;

The balmy incense of her breath
Unto the roof ascended,
Able to drive away grim Death
With all his Train attended.

2.

Her flesh more pure, more white, more soft
Than skins of Ermins are,
Before by surly Hunters caught
In a delusive snare;

Chaste as the rare Arabian Bird
That wants a sex to wooe,
O grief for which I want a word,
She ne're yet learn'd to do.

3. O

3.

O that, that ice at length would melt,
That freezes up her veins,
That as she's seen she might be felt,
And knew a Lovers pains:

Poor pottage flowers shut up their leaves
When Sol drives to the West,
But Roses the Night-Dew receive,
As that which pleases best.

4.

O open those celestial eyes
That do enlighten mine,
Yet stay, their splendor will surprize,
And scorch me with their shine:

Her fragrant breath doth claim that power
By odoriferous art,
It will transform me to a Flower
Fashioned like a Heart.

A Friend comforts a Widow, who weeps for the death of her Husband.

Friend. *Save you sweet Widow, I suffer for your heavinesse.*

Widow. *O Sir, I have lost the dearest Husband that ever woman did enjoy.*

Friend. *Yet let me tell you Widow, if all tongues*

speak truth, he did not use you so well as a man ought.

Widow. *Nay that's true indeed, he never used me so well as a woman might have been used, that's certain. Introth it has been our greatest falling out, and though it be the part of a Widow to shew her self a woman for her husbands death, yet when I remember all his unkindeness, I cannot weep a stroak, and therefore wisely did a great Widow in this Land comfort up another:* Go too (quoth she) leave blubbering, thou thinkest upon thy Husbands good parts when thou sheddest tears, do but remember how often he has lain from thee, and how many haughty slippery turns he has done thee, and thou wilt never weep for him I warrant thee. *You would not think how this counsel has wrought upon me, so that I cannot spend one tear now if you would give me never so much.*

Friend. *Why I count you the wiser Widow, it shews you have discretion, when you can check your passion; Farewel sweet Widow, may your threshold groan with the weight of approaching Lovers like Hops or Harlots.*

Widow. *How do you mean? why do you couple them?*

Friend. *O very aptly, for as the Hop well boiled will make a man not stand upon his legs, so the*

so the Harlot in time will leave a man no legs to stand upon.

Widow. *You are a merry Gentleman; will you please to walk in and take what a Widows solitary Mansion shall exhibit.*

Friend. *Not now Widow, I must into* London *with all speed: another time I will come and dwell with you for two hours, so farewel blythe Widow.*

Widow. *Adieu sweet Sir.*

A Letter from a smug youth to a lively Lass.

Sweet *Thomazin,*

IF *your favour do not pay my Ransome, I vow I must continue a Captive till death, though one comfort will be (in case you deny your aid) my life will be of no lasting date, your looks have wounded me, and will kill me if quarter be not given; but you are no Amazonian Lady to put on steely armes, and manage the sword and shield, though your head be hidden in a cambrick helmet, and therefore I shall hope that the softness of your*

soul will not suffer you to become my Murtheress: you are my Venus, *make me your* Anchyses, *my soul, life, and light. I protest by all things sacred, that my love to you is of such ardency, that men that are newly listed in some black conspiracy that are in despair, or (which is worst of all) in want, do enjoy more quiet sleeps then I do. Your Idea is alwayes before me; to multiply your praises I know would rather win your anger then your applause, though I would say (with immaculate truth for warrant) that you are fairer then* Hebe, *wiser then* Pallas, *and more continent then* Penelope; *it is my unhappiness to know that a creature of such exquisite perfection lives, and yet not to know whether my loyal service may finde acceptation; you are the true* Venus (Lady) *make me your Priest, the office will become me. However (dear Cherubin) let me not fail of an answer by this Bearer, since I can live no longer then you shall allow me to call my self,*

Your voted Votary.

Her

Her Answer.

SIR,

The little experience I have hitherto had of you, commands me to esteem you no less than a friend to vertue, but you do ill to talk so passionately, and think so coolely: you men can play the Proteusses *at pleasure, and (with the Camelion) change your selves according to the colour you look on, be (seeming) realists here, and palpable dissemblers in another place; this day devont Amorists, to morrow sullen Stoicks; yet will I thank you for that love you make me believe you bear towards me, and what ever your heart is, I shall not blush to tell you, that I dare meet your love half way, provided it be honourable, and not glew'd to sinister cogitations: this Sir, you may believe and accordingly determine of me, who am*

Yours in all civil respects, &c.

Two Lovers complement at parting.

He. *LEt me contain thee in my armes yet a little longer.*

She. *I would stay dearest G but you know what a severe hand my Father holds over me, if he should know we were together, it were as much as my liberty is worth.*

He.

He. *How sad and dismal does the farewel of true Lovers sound, why should my destinies deny me thy enjoyment, when shall we meet again?*

She. *To morrow night at Mistris C. her house, I'le steal forth in the Evening. my absence will be but short, consider that, which will make our next meeting the more sweet and musical.*

He. *Thou precious darling of my heart; do not we two part like Birds, who when they see that the Sun forsakes the world, lay their little pensive heads beneath their wings, as if they would ease that weight which is added to their grief by his departure?*

She. *But when they see that bright perpetual Traveller to return, they start up and sing their gratitude — Fail not to morrow night.*

He. *Bid me to shun poison, or not to refuse heaven were a Messenger sent from thence on purpose to proffer it me, one kiss and then farewel.*

SONG

SONG IX.

The Ravished Lover.

Tune is, *Tell me ye wandring spirits of the aire.*

1.

TEll me ye Angels of the highest sphere,
Have you not seen my fair *Larissa* there?
Has not great *Jove* to make his bliss more great,
Ravisht my Love unto his starry seat?
If that a brighter than his Spouse you see,
Or *Venus* self, or *Venus* self, believe it that is she.

2.

Search from the East unto the weeping West,
And plunder *Flora* of her flowry Vest,
Search *Rhea's* store, and *Thetis* wealthy womb,
Ravish the Web from off *Arachne's* loom,
If you one fairer far then *Cynthia* see,
Or *Hebe's* self, or *Hebe's* self, believe it that is she.

3.

When she was born old *Saturns* mighty Son
Summon'd the Gods, who met him every one,
Meaning to make a new *Pandora*, he
Himself thus spake to every Deity;
Bestow (quoth he) on this rare silver Dove, (Love;
Each something that may make her more then Queen of

4.

This said, wing'd *Mercury* bestow'd his wit,
Phœbus his skill, choice Songs and Odes to sit,
Venus resign'd her beauties ('gainst her will)
But *Pallas* freely did her sweets instil;
Juno her state, and *Jove* to crown them all, (Ball;
Confirm'd, confirm'd her the sole glory of this earthly

3.

Let then no rude, prophane, or unwasht hand,
Dare seize that Temple where her Altars stand,
†drown'd Lest that he taste what *Ajax* found of yore,
in the sea. When he disgrac'd *Minerva's* sacred Lore,
Her power is equal, if not far beyond,
She can both heaven, she can both heaven and earth,
(and seas command.

6.

Let none be Priest unto thy hallow'd shrine,
But I (dear Goddess) hug no Love but mine,
So shall thy name not fear the teeth of Time,
Thy lasting Fame being guarded by my Rime.
And when together unto heaven we go,
There but one quarter, there but one quarter, thou shalt
(finde it so.

James an Apprentice, with *Jane* his Masters Daughter in the dark.

Jane. *I swear* James *I will wake my Father and Mother if you offer these rude tricks; I wonder how the candle went out.*

James. *Sweet Mistris* Jane *be not angry, I scorn to offer you any incivility, but I hope you will not be angry if I say I love you.*

Jane. *Love me little, and love me long, you are short of your time* James; *four years yet to serve, think on that* James.

James. *I could serve four hundred years methinks had I but hope to win your love at last, the*

very

ery sight of you dispells all sad thoughts of servi-
ude, and I am as free as the Aire I breathe in,
hile I can frequently gaze on that celestial face
f yours.

Jane. You have an English Expositor in your
ox James, and therefore I do not wonder that
ou talk so fluently; besides, you write Verses now
nd then, I liked those wondrous well that you
ade of our Boar-Cat that fell into the House of
ffice.

James. I made one Copy to day at the request of
new married man, you know him I am sure Mi-
ris Jane, T. S. the Millener by the Stocks.

Jane. Let me hear them good James, he that
nts a snaffle of Verses into my mouth may lead
e e'ne where he list, I mean still in the way of ho-
esty James.

James. I know that Mistris Jane, the Verses
re these:

A modest Wife is such a Jewel,
Every Goldsmith cannot show it;
He that's honest and not cruel
Is the likeliest man to owe it.

How do you like them Mistris Jane?

Jane. Now by my Maidenhead exceeding well:
God bodykins we are undone: my Father knocks
I swear.

James

James. One kiss dear Mistriss Jane

Jane. Take half a dozen, but make no delay you know my Father is a hasty man.

A Letter to a Friend, desiring he would enter into bond with him.

My noble Friend,

THe cordial love which upon all occasions you have manifested, obliges me to think, that I shall not finde you backward in a business that so much concerns me: my occasions at this time are unspeakably pressing, so that if I do not procure an hundred pounds by to morrow this time, my credit will receive a mortal wound, and my reputation be stabbed to the heart; you are a man whose estimation (and that worthily) is high in the heart of all men, and whose very word were sufficient (though I should not suffer it, did you proffer it) without bond or obligation to furnish me with such a sum: I shall onely desire your name with mine, and may Hell take me if I fail in the Premisses, thus begging your positive Answer by this Bearer, I rest and remain,

Yours infinitely obliged

The

The Answer.

Worthy Friend,

You were pleased to mention a matter in your last Epistle, which I protest by all things sacred I would not meddle withall were it for the Redemption of my Heir out of the Turks Gallies; enter into bond, I would as soon (with Empedocles) *leap into* Ætna: *mark but this note and you will not much blame my averseness, he that enters into Bond ought to imagine he Christens a Childe, and takes the charge of it too: for as the one, the bigger it grows, the more cost it requires; so the other the longer it lies the more charge it puts you to; onely here is the difference, a Childe must be broke, and a Bond must not; the more you break Children the more you keep them under, but the more you break Bonds the more they leap in your face; and therefore to conclude, I would never undertake to be Gossip to that Bond which I would not see well brought up.*

For 'tis a truth, come better dayes or worse,
So many bonds abroad, so many Boys at nurse.

Therefore sweet friend excuse me: any thing but this; a small summe (either to lend or give you) at your service, but this I neither can nor dare; so wishing you all felicity, I assure you that I am

Yours unfeignedly.

SONG.

SONG X.

The conceited Lover.

Tune is, *Honours but Aire*, &c. vulgarly, *Now the Tyrant has stollen*, &c.

1.

COme my *Clarissa*
Why art thou so shie?
Why hast thou that face,
That foot, and that thigh,
But to do as thy Mother
When she willingly lay,
While thy Father did discover
Loves beaten road way.

2.

That beauty by Nature
Was never ordain'd
To be gaz'd at with wonder,
But to be obtain'd.
A pox of the feeble
Platonical way,
Which none that were able
Did ever obey.

3.

To sit and to simper
Like soap-suds (in sooth)
Does argue no wisdom,
Nor beauty, nor youth.
To kiss the fair forehead,
And sometimes the cheek,
To me is most horrid,
That would do and not speak.

4.

4.

I love to couple
The genuine way,
When both parties are supple
Loves Rites to obey,
Thus Babies are gotten
With pleasure and ease,
To live when we are rotten,
But not with a disease.

5.

Great *Plato* (like *Cato*)
Kept a plump brown Wench,
For he lov'd a Belly
As well as a Tench;
In the high street at *Athens*
By *Diana's* Temple,
The old sage sung Loves Mattens,
And wrote Verses for sample.

6.

And *Diogenes* self
That fasted so much,
Was an old Pocky Elfe,
And of the French had a touch:
His life was severe,
For he took the Diet
In that very * Tub where
On his Roots he did Riot.

* *Now called Cornelius Tub by the mistake of some unlearned Apothecaries.*

7. Then

7.

Then hang up the niceness
Of gray bearded fools,
The Tenents that we own
Were not known to the Schools:
Let the sowre men drink Whig
While we tipple Nectar,
And dance the Paphian Jig
To a rare Curtain Lecture.

8.

Come then let's dally
And daintily do,
Though Roused we will Rally
In spight of the foe,
And charge with joynt motion,
Though not without loss,
Cupid's pleas'd with such a portion
While the blankets we toss.

9.

He that's still saying Grace,
And nere falls to the meat,
Is at best but an Asse,
And deserves not to eat:
But were he as eager
After warm meat as I,
He'd not lie so long leager
Till his conscience cry fie.

10.

Then clip me *Clarissa*
While I thee intwine,
We'l be incorporated
Without Church-Discipli[ne]

And vouch our reality
Spotless and fair,
To any man of quality
Except my Lord Mayor.

A Letter of Complements to a Maid or Widow, the Lover excusing himself that he met not according to promise, &c.

Dear Mistris,

HAd I not a hope that your immaculate candour can whiten the swarthiest crime, I should chuse rather to sacrifice my life to incessant sorrow, and consequently to inevitable death, then add to my guilt by apollogizing for a sin that cannot be remitted: by Loves Bow and Quiver, by Venus *shrine, nay by your fair self, from whose bright eyes the blinde God fetches his Paphian fire, and whose sacred bosome is the true Temple of divine Love, I could not (though I endeavoured it with the hazard of my life) meet you according to promise; some luckless Planet (without doubt) had governance over that ominous day: I confess it were but justice to cast me off as a thing not worthy your future notice, who have contemned (though not wilfully) such a happiness as Kings would have been proud to purchase with the price of their Diadems: you may doom me to death, I have deserved it, and am so clogg'd with guilt*

that

that I have scarce confidence enough to beg
pardon, if any penance might expiate this
oversight, I should think you more then cru
in appointing me to Row upon the Thames
twelve Moneths, or to personate Jack Pudding
on the Ropes the whole term of time that m
up a Bartholomew Fair: so that were I s
a Brute (as History makes Brutus to be) I s
(undoubtedly) signe my own pass for the
World. Determine of me (dear Lady) out of h
it is some happiness (though a killing one)
the Malefactor is sensible of the worst that
happen. Thus begging your speedy reply, I hu
take my leave, and remain

Your afflicted,

but affectionate Serva

Her Answer.

SIR,

You do very aptly imitate those Children
having tyed strings about the legs of
Birds, sometimes suffer them to gain liberty
great distance, but when they please twitch i
home again; there is no dallying with L
Tools, his Arrows are sharply pointed, and u
wound a wanton hand; can you think me so sha
to conceit that all the business in the world sh
b

ave blocks up your way to one you affected with a ordial regard, and what fine Powers you call to witnes's with you that this Tradition could not be aded, a blinde Boyes Bow, a blunt Dart, and a aden Shrine. Well Sir, you know what command u have over me, and that a slender excuse will erve where the injury is pardoned e're committed; ll the penance I shall impose is this, that you afford a visit at my Mansion to morrow in the morning about the hour of ten, where you shall finde

Your faithful Friend.

A complemental Dialogue betwixt a Shop-keeper and a Scholler.

Scholler. *Are you busie Sir?*

Shop-keeper. *Never Sir, to you, nor any of your Coat: I confess I was but a dull slave before I conversed with Schollers, not worthy to tread upon the earth before I fell in love with learning, and what fresh hopes it has put into me, I do intend shortly to beggar all the Bawdy Writers, especially him that wrote the Mock Poem of* Hero and Leander; *nay, I will build at my own charge an Hospital, to which shall retire all dis-*

diseased Opinions, and all halting Poets; as t
venerable Humphrey Crouch, Laurence Pric
and Sam. Smithson.

Scholler. Sir, you are a man made up of ing
nuity, very charitable, more piously inclined t
Sir Paul Pindar, you are a true pattern for
City Sir.

Shop-keeper. Sir, I have been informed
Revelation (without the help of Arise Evans) th
their shop-Books cannot save them.

Scholler. O Sir, much may be done by M
nuscript, there is a kinde of spell in bad pap
waterish ink, and worse sense.

Shop-keeper. The Muses favour me, as my i
tents are vertuous: will ye be my Tutor Sir? I ha
read Greens Groatsworth of Wit, the Spani
Rogue, the Authentick History of Amadis
Gaule, and Tullies Love written by the Mast
of Art.

Scholler. You are excellently well read Sir
you are my friend, and a friend to all that profe
good Letters.

Shop-keeper. Sir, you are very honest, a
yet you have a kinde of modest fear to shew
do not darken your own worth with t
much bashfulnesse, men of parts shou
proclaim themselves, the world will fi
rema

main ignorant of their worth else.

Scholler. Sir, you almost make me blush as red as those stockings you wear, I think they are of Naples.

Shopkeeper. I thought you Schollers had known all things, you are beside your Text there, I must tell you; they are compounded I confess of the finest Wool, and created in Jersey.

Scholler. Pardon my judgement Sir, we Schollers seldome use any other objects but our Books.

Shopkeeper. I do confesse it Sir, provided always they are Licensed ones, and have some worthy hands set to them for probation.

Scholler. Sir, I must intreat your company to the Canary shop.

Shopkeeper. With all my heart Sir, I am of late become a great lover of Sack, and can make shift now and then to cut out a Copy of Verses; I can tell ye as simple as I stand here, not a bit of Prose sometimes will down with me, but let's away; Boy, have a vigilant care of my Shop, the times are dangerous, and if there come over a Scholler in black, let him speake with me, for my own part I do begin to hate upon Books, and am very strangely

taken with strange Verses, and howsoever we are all accounted dull brain'd Asses by Gentlemen, yet there are those that merit renown for their parts and performances, even amongst us Shopkeepers; witness Murford, Mercer, and Scot. I do love a Scholler with my heart, for undoubtedly very marvellous things may be atchieved by Art, I have read something though I say it that should not: Why Sir, there are those Schollers in Town will tell you what is become of Horses, and silver Spoons, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds; I had a Sister was served so I am yet unmarried, and because some of our Neighbours are said to be Cuckolds, I will never be married without the consent of some of those Schollers that know what will come of it. Please Sir to lead the way.

Scholler.

Nay, I shall wait on you Sir.

Shopkeeper.

Phœbus forbids it Sir, that were a fine jest Ifaith, let Learning lie behinde me; I have been better brought up then so Sir. Nay, I know my postures I warrant you Sir, and have been drunk at Court more then twice, in the dayes of old King Charles I'le assure you Sir.

Scholler.

You will manifest what command you have over

me Sir, I shall be obedient for once my capacious Citizen.

To a Maid in love with a young Man, but ashamed to shew it.

STill will you languish; see here's pen and ink,
Write to him; let your heart and seal express
Such marks as on his very soul may sink
And shew y'are blest although with heaviness;
May your Paper seem as fair
As your self when you appear,
May the Letters which you write
Look like black eye-lids upon the white,
And may your charmed Pen such fancies bring
(Being adorned with your hand and seal)
As if your Quill were pluck't from *Cupids* wing,
And so the riches of his soul may steal.

A Letter to a false Friend, queintly quipping him.

IF I thought it could be possible to finde out that race of men that Pliny *talks of, whose heads stand in their breast, who scarce can tell a smooth lie, because their hearts are joyned so near to their lips, I would instantly depart this Nation and travail to those well-meaning men, there I should*

forget the calumnies of deceitful tongues, and no more remember that I once prized the amity of so false a man as thy self, happy are those souls that sit in the Elysian shades, who being freed from fleshly clogs, have so clear an understanding of each other, that there is no need of ears or tongues; words were first made to reveal our meaning, but by a strange inversion they now serve to conceal our intents. I have spelt your hollow heart Sir already by joyning three or four actions, but if those lent me no light, the reading of the whole Sentence gives me perfect assurance; you can no longer delude my sense Sir, your well-spoke wrongs are like hurtful words writ in a graceful hand, or a bloody sword sheathed up in velvet: so wishing your conversion, or —— I will not say confusion. I close all with this truth,

That I am for ever

lost to your love.

SONG

SONG X.

The forsaken Virgin.

Tune is, *For in my freedom's all my joy.*

1.

I Am a poor forsaken Maid,
By a perfidious youth betray'd,
After so many oathes and Vowes,
While Myrtle Garlands grac't our brows,
Where shall I finde a place where I
May weep my self away and dye;
Death's the best cure, Death's the best
cure of misery,

2.

Come *Orpheus* with thy Lute and play me
That very solitary, Ah me,
Which for thy love thou didst compose
When that thy heart-strings gave the close,
A greater grief then thine have I,
Destroy'd by black disloyalty.
Death's the best cure, &c.

3.

Come then ye pretty Nymphs and Fairies
From your fair Meadows and your Dairies,
Come *Venus* deck my sable pillow
With blasted Myrtle and with Willow,
Let the rude Satyrs shout and cry
'Bout her that slights my Monody;
Come courteous Death, come courteous
Death and end my misery.

4.

O false unconstant trothless Lad,
Will not my murther make thee sad
When swift report salutes thine ear,
That I am laid upon the Biere,
An ashie Victim unto thee?
Here let me dye and buried be:
Come courteous Death, &c.

5.

Like cruel *Theseus* doest thou leave
Thy courteous *Ariadne* so,
Like perjur'd *Paris* wilt thou grieve
Œnone, Her that has shielded thee from woe,
Here will I moan, and wail, and cry
Till like a soul-less lump I lie:
Come courteous Death, &c.

6.

While fervent love did fill each breast,
Hast thou not oft these words expresst,
Let heaven showre vengeance on my head,
And Joves *dire Thunder strike me dead,*
When e're I prove unkinde to thee;
But these were spungy Vowes I see.
Come courteous death, &c.

7.

My Ghost will tell sad tales below,
And let all loyal Lovers know
That here such monstrous men there are
Whom the griev'd earth does sweat to bear
False perjur'd and unkinde like thee:
Come courteous death, &c.

8. If

8.

If there be just vindictive powers
Residing in the heavenly Towers,
If there's a righteous Providence
Which but to doubt were insolence;
Worthy those plagues belong to thee,
Then look for punishment for me;
Come courteous death, &c.

9.

Mean time (as dying people do)
I'le Prophesie what shall ensue
This wicked impious change of thine,
Not caus'd by beauty, coin, or wine,
But by thy own inconstancy
Which by the Gods chastis'd shall be:
Come courteous Death, &c.

10.

Thou of thy *Helen* now hast joy,
But shalt taste woes like him of *Troy*,
When thy light heel'd and garish Bride
Shall love another man beside,
Then (all too late) thou'lt think on me,
And I will laugh below at thee.
Come courteous Death, &c.

11.

My Ghost shall triumph in thy Face,
And in those pleasant shades of bliss
Where each true Lover clips his Mate,
(A happiness I'me sure to miss;)
I'le clap thy fall when that shall be
Rivell'd with meagre grief like me:
Come courteous Death, &c.

12.

And now methinks I feel kinde death
Reaching his hand to stop my breath,
Thrice welcome, thou beest friend to those
Whose fierce fate makes u'm their own Foe;
Thy dulcid Dart oh let me try,
And pass to immortality.
Come courteous Death, &c.

13.

But when my soul has gain'd the Poles
Journeying to the Judge of Souls,
If that my body finde a Grave,
This Epitaph oh let me have,
Beneath this stone a Maid doth lie
Murther'd by Loves inconstancy.
Come courteous Death, &c.

A Complement from a Stranger, directed to the Lady or Mistris of the House upon his entrance.

Gentleman. *Are you that beauty (Lady) whose lustre gives light to this methodical mansion.*

Gentlewoman. *Sir, you have given my face a more special regard by your good language then these black brows can merit.*

Gentleman. *You are pleased to set a trivial rate upon your self; you are wondrous fair—— you have a very moving lip.*

Gen-

Gentlewoman. *Prove it again Sir; all the poor means I have left to be thought grateful is but a kiss or two, and ye may reap them Sir.*

Gentleman. *'Tis still the same, you wear Divinity about you, another kiss will make me immortal — How far may you hold the time to be spent Lady?*

Gentlewoman. *'Tis now Sir about the time when mortals whet their knives, some on thresholds, others on bricks, and some on the soles of their shooes.*

Gentleman. *You are very Metaphorical, Madam; you mean it is almost Dinner-time; if it might be without trouble of your House, I would stay till your Husband comes, I have some earnest business with him.*

Gentlewoman. *I shall be proud of your society Sir, I beseech you stay dinner, a piece of Beef Sir, and a cold Capon.*

Gentleman. *I have greater business then eating; but am truly happy in having your commission to wait your Husbands approach.*

The end of the first Book.

THE ACADEMY OF PLEASURE.

The second Book.

Printed in the Year, 1664.

The Academy of Pleasure.

The second Book.

SONG I.

The eloquent Lover.

Tune is, *Prethee dye and set me free, or else be,* &c.

1.

PRethee why must we no more,
As before;
Venus and her son adore?
Prethee why has that fair front
Clouds upon't?
Prethee be as thou were wont,
Lovers ever should persever,
Frank and free,
Frank and free, but dogged never.

2. Pre-

2.

Prethee (Dear) no more expreſs
(By thy Dreſs)
Such a killing ſullenneſs,
Prethee (Sweet) unfold thy beams
Whence there ſtreams
Beauteous and celeſtial gleams,
Tell me how I have diſpleas'd thee,
I'le not ceaſe,
I'le not ceaſe till I've appeas'd thee.

3.

O ſpeak (my Goddeſs) elſe I dye,
Murther'd by
Thoſe ſharp poniards in thy eye:
Speak, or elſe I faint away
With diſmay,
I have no buſineſs bids me ſtay
Here on earth ſave to implore thee,
And to cringe,
And to cringe to all adore thee.

4.

Come let us walk to yonder Grove
Where our love
Every plant that's there will prove
Where thy moſt delicious name
To thy fame,
I have ingrav'd the wildeſt Wolves to tame:
At thy name (as is their duty)
They do bow
They do bow unto thy beauty.

5.

Sylvanus and his shaggy crew
When they view
Thy lustre, yield all veneration due;
When we last time sported there
Thou didst fear
Lest some wilde beast should draw near,
Did not beasts and Satyrs pay thee
Fealtie,
Fealty proud to obey thee.

6.

Did not Panthers creep to greet
Thy fair feet,
Seeming humbly to intreat,
And the genius of the place
Smooth his face,
Hoping to obtain thy grace
While his train with flowers did strow thee,
To make known,
To make known what love they owe thee.

7.

Did not cold *Diana* strain
To obtain
(With her Arrow-loving train)
That thou should'st have equal sway
Night and day
With her whom all the shady woods obey,
But oh thy goodness ne're flew higher
Than that time,
Than that time thou didst deny her.

8.

Thou wert born (my dearest Love)
To approve
What the plyant Graces move.
When they lead thee to the sport
In such sort
As if *Jove* should thank thee for't,
Foolish niceness does betray thee
Unto age,
Unto age that will decay thee.

9.

When those Roses shall in scorn
Not adorn
Thy cheecks now ruddier than the Morn,
When she leaps from *Tysons* bed
Wearied
As she'd been but ill bestead;
When those hairs that now are brighter
Than the gold,
Than the gold, with age grow whiter.

10.

Then surrounded with despair
And harsh care,
Thou wilt sigh; *I have been fair,*
And wish that thou hadst been more free
Unto me
Who suffer by thy cruelty,
And do finde thou do'st but quibble
With my pain,
Thy heart being smooth, but hard as pibble.

The

The Master being angry that his Apprentice makes Love to his Daughter, thus schools him.

Master. *Sirrah, you shall know that you are my Servant, my Apprentice bound and inrolled, though I have often intrusted thee with all I am Master of at home and abroad; yet I do not remember that I ever gave my consent that thou shouldst court my Daughter, and just in the nick of time too, when she is on the very prick of Preferment, as they say, when I had found out a wealthy Husband for her, but I shall break the neck of your Designe, and marre your matter of Matrimony.*

Servant. *SIR, I acknowledge my self your Creature, a thing that is wholly at your disposal; yet give me leave to say, that I have not been careless of that which concerns your profit, nor have I lavished and wasted your stock by my unthriftinesse, I never wore your gains upon my back, nor exhausted your Treasure by my Riots; but for your Daughter, if her love have the least relation to me, I shall not endeavour to stop it, though I were sure to*

be

be broken upon the Wheel in case I neglected it nor indeed am I able to frown upon her fair wi[illegible]es, whose love I durst own to the teeth of tortu[illegible] nor will you (I hope) have a thought of matchi[illegible] her to that lame piece of Lechery.——

Master. *'Tis very well, I shall receive i[illegible]structions from you to whom I shall wed [illegible] Daughter, but I shall discharge your wisdom fr[illegible] any such employment; I do here discharge y[illegible] my house, take your own liberty, and when I k[illegible] not where to finde a Son-in-law I will send [illegible] you; be gone Sir, I do freely free you my s[illegible]vice, you are your own Master now; but shall n[illegible]ver be my Daughters Husband.*

Thanks for a Welcome.

FOr your good looks, and for your claret,
For often bidding do not spare it,
For tossing glasses to the top,
And after sucking of a crop,
When scarce a drop was left behinde,
Of that which nick-names Wine, even winde,
For healthy mirth, and lusty sherry,
Such as made old *Cato* merry,
Such are our thanks that you may have
In blood the claret which you gave,
And in your service shall be spent
The Spirits which your sack hath lent.

SON

SONG II.

The flattering Lover.

Tune is, *Prince* Ruperts *March.*

1.

NAy dearest do not leave
Him that so much does adore thee,
Whose life has its dependance on thy smile;
Why shouldst thou make him grieve
Who on his knees does implore thee
To let him live thy servant for a while:
Can such sweet beauty
Be deaf to complaint,
And despise the duty
Done to his Saint,
Forbid it gentle Boy, thy dart
Can cure this dire anoy that thus
Excruciates my heart.

2.

Those eyes of thine speak love,
Why then should my hopes be frustrate
That are upon an honest Basis built?
Would thou have my fancy rove
Thy exquisite parts to illustrate
Until the sacred Muses blood be spilt.
I'le storm the mountain
Until I come near
The holy Fountain
And drink't off sheer,
That not one Rhiming whelp
From *Hypocrene* least help
Shall have
His flie-blown skill to save.

3. I'le

3.

I'le fix thy glorious name,
If that thou wilt command it,
With curious art and industry, upon
The lips of thundring Fame,
Nor shall strong Time withstand it.
Bathing my self in happy *Helicon*;
All former beauties
Shall stoop to thee,
As is their duties
Sweating Fealty;
Thy shrine I'le deck with gems
Of price,
Which she that rules the *Thames*
Shall throw up in a trice.

Two faithful Lovers complement; each other meeting accidentally.

She. *Sweet*, &c. *Welcome*, Dido *was not* [illegible] *joyful when* Æneas *landed on the Carthaginian shore then I am to meet thee thus happily.*

He. *Thrice blessed be that kinde Fate, which conducted me to this place, where I have the sight of her who is the sole comfort that I have on earth.*

She. *You may see how much Fortune is a friend.*

He. *They say that Fortune is onely courteous to Coxcombs.*

She.

She. By that rule (my Dear) you should not
overwise.

He. Nay, sometimes the sly Goddess affords
glance, or so, even to those that are meriting,
t that it is very seldom, and at best but to
w her mutability, not that she is friend to
rth.—What sayes my Dear unto that faithful
ye which I have ever fervently profest.

She. I shall not dissemble, though I blush to
knowledge it; that very blinde Boy who has
uded you, has also lodged an Arrow in my
st, I love you dearly; and may those Powers
govern all things terrestrial, grant not
ly the fruition, but the felicity that all loyal
ers merit.

He. You make me happy above humane
ught, my breast is too narrow to comprehend
se numerous joyes that throng about my
art.

She. My Father you know will do his ut-
st to hinder what God and Nature I hope
decreed; I mean, he will use all the
ragems that can be imagined to dis-
ve this sacred union; he swears I
ll marry with a man of wealth, and of his
using, or he will not own me for his
ilde, but I scorn Mammon and his
mines,

mines, the goods of the minde are the things I prize, yet I would have you use your utmost (if it be possible) to obtain my Fathers consent.

He. I shall be guided by thee my fair one, the venture more perillous then that of Jason the golden Fleece, thou art my chaste Medea, being armed with thy oraculous counsel, I (hall fear to force my way though opposed by millions dangers.

She. Thanks my gentle Love; but lest my Father (whose jealous head is haunted more doubts then Argus was furnished with should suspect our conference, I will prese leave you. Farewel deareſt friend until our meeting.

He. Adieu my love, let the faireſt Fort attend thee, I will resort to your Father to m row to implore his consent, I have a hope to p vail upon him.

SON

SONG III.

A Dialogue between *Strephon* and *Daphne*.

Strephon. COme my *Daphne*, come away,
We do waste the Cristal day:
'Tis *Strephon* calls, *Da.* What would my love?
Come follow to the myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* shall prepare,
New Chaplets for thy hair.
Were I shut up within a tree,
I'de rend my bark to follow thee.
My Sheperdess make haste,
The Minutes flie too fast;
In these cooler shades we'l lie
Blinde as *Cupid* kiss'd thine eye,
On thy bosome will I stray (nay?
In such warm snow who would not lose his

Chorus, Strephon *and* Daphne *together*.

We'l laugh and leave this world behinde,
And Gods that see
Shall envy thee and me,
But never finde such joy
When we embrace a Deity.

Posies for Bracelets.

He that sent this is faster bound
Then what about thy wrist is wound.

When you put on this little band,
Then think (my Dear) I kiss your hand.

Go keep that hand from *Cupid* free
Till *Hymen* link her heart to me.

When this silk Twist
Adorns thy wrist,
Let us two twine
My Cherubine.

On a Neck-lace.

Here he hangs alive in chains
Who late was slain with lingring pains.

Cupid take heed (by me beware)
How thou art taken in this snare,
For love himself if he lie near
Is sure to be intangled here.

On a Girdle.

While that thou dost her waste imbrace
Be sure keep others from the place,
Nor can thy duty be o'repast
Until my arme ingirt her waste.

A Letter to a friend with Money.

Dear Friend,

I Am sorry that you should be exposed to so much penury, as to want so small a Sum as —— shillings, and good faith my condition was never so tattered as it is now, but I have sent you the money; I would beg of you to take some setled course, you have a good wit, and must stirre in the world if you wish for a prosperous condition: but however you are crossed by Fortune, you have a reuning place: come home to me, and be as welcome as my own soul; but be a good Husband as I am, which is to say, wear ordinary cloathes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; I know this doctrine is not disgustful to you. Let me see you as soon as may be, for assure your self, there is no man more entirely affects you, than

Your true Friend.

On a Blister on a Gentlewomans Lip.

CHide not thy sprouting lip, nor kill
The juycie bloom with bashful skill;
Know it is an amorous dew
That swells to court thy corral hue:
And what a blemish you esteem,
To others eyes a pearle may seem;
Whose wary growth is not above
The thirsty size that pearles do love;
And doth so well become that part,
That chance may seem a secret art.
Does any judge that face more fair,
Whose tender silk a Mole doth bear;
Or else that Eye a finer net,
Whose glass is ring'd about with jet?
Are Apples thought more sound and sweet,
When honey-specks and red do meet;
Or will a Diamond shine more clear,
If in the midst a foil appear?
Then is your Lip made fairer by
Such sweetness of deformity.
The Nectar which men strive to sip
Springs like a well upon your lip;
Nor doth that show immodesty,
But overflowing chastity;
And who will blame the fruitful trees,
When too much sap or gum he sees?

Here Nature from her store doth send
Onely what other parts can lend:
If lovely buds ascend so high,
The root below cannot be dry.

A Dialogue betwixt Will *and* Joan.

Will. *Come* Joan, *we are towards Marriage, let us talk of that will do us good: What will thy Grandam give us towards House-keeping?*

Joan. *Marry two platters, a pot and a pan, two dishes, and as many spoons, a sheet and two flannel blankets.*

Will. *This is pretty well indeed, let me see: We must be askt in the Market-place next Tuesday, and we'l be married presently.*

Joan. *I-faith my honey sweet Combe, I love thee; we'l have a whole noise of Fidlers, though I pawn my Petticoat for't: come* Will, *let us hye us home, and we'l make a bag-pudding to supper.*

Will. *Come away Chuck!*

SONG III.

A Taverne Rant.

[Tune is, *Stay fout the gate, &c.*]

STay noble hearts,
T'other quart, what dull Fate is this
That parts
Our communion?
But just now we were
Resolv'd to stay here,
Till *Phœbus* dissolved our union.
Is he gone to tipple (Boyes) and shall we choak here?
Is he hem'd with vapour, and shall we not smoak here?
Here's 3 quarts not toucht yet that we have bespoke here.

2.

Boy, fill the glass,
Here's a health to each man here,
And his lass;
Fill't up higher,
Or give me a Bowle
(For I'me thirsty at soul)
Whose top to the roof may aspire. (boyes
There's no harm in good sherry, good faith none at all
It raises us up again, though we do fall boyes,
And makes ev'n a Pigney Gygantick and tall boyes.

3.

See, *Bacchus* pleads
That your light Beavers,
And your heavier heads
Might be parted,
Bring Chaplets of Flowers
For those Temples of ours,
He's a Coxcomb that needs will be carted.
Boy, bid all our Hackney-men drive from the door,
Tho' they have sack enough though on the score,
Though they suck up more seas than would swallow the shore.

4. See

4.

See, now we are
Oblig'd alike
To prosecute the War,
Our Ships burned.
We must now fight it out,
For if they give us the rout,
On a hard bench each Heroe is turned.
Let's break through their ranks (the Foe sparks & smile)
And be the sole Lords of the *Canary* Isles
Inricht with Rubie-faces *Foves* Sons richest spoils.

5

Now we are glorious,
And shall prove
(In spight of Fate) victorious,
Charge agen,
The half-emptied Cask
Shall prove that our task
Had halted by half-witted men. (in,
Though the Foe have strong rampires he trembles with-
If we storm but his out-works he'l ne're turn agen,
Yet in taking him Prisoner much danger we win.

6

But ere the skie
Be painted
With *Aurora's* saffron die,
Home wee'l march boyes,
And there in our beds
Clap new Helms on our heads,
Though our faces we fashion with starch boyes.
For he is the onely true genuine Good-fellow,
Who though sometimes Bowzie and thorowly mellow,
Will let no body know that he sees green or yellow.

A wealthy Clown courting a witty Gentlewoman.

He. *Mistress* E. God *speed you.*

She. *That's more than I need at this time, for I am doing nothing, Sir.*

He. *I were as good say a good word as a bad, but if you will have it more complementicotical as they say, than thus,* How does your fair and beauteous worship?

She. *Sir, 'tis more wisdom to say nothing at all than to speak to no purpose.*

He. *My purpose is to Wive you.*

She. *Very good; but I have a purpose too Sir, and that is never to wed you.*

He. *Belike you are then in love with some body else.*

She. *No, but I am lustily promised.*

He. *Make me your Worships man, I can do many things I can tell you; else there are lies abroad. I have heard very well of you sweet Mistress* E. *and so has my Father also, who has sent me a Wooing to you: Nay, and I have a Copy of Verses (which cost me six pence, and a double jugg of Mother Red-Cap Ale) made by our Vicar; I have been conning them this four long hours by the clock: you shall hear me read them.*

She. *I for* Phœbus *sake, Sir: I love good Verses as I love good meat or witty Company.*

He. First, I do beg your Worships good relief,
(For I intend to shew my minde in brief)
I call to you if that you can afford it,
I care not at what price, for on my word it
Shall be repay'd again, although it cost me
More then Ile speak of now, for Love hath
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball, (cost me
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I'th' morning like a man, at night a beast;
Roaring and bellowing my own disquiet,
That much I fear forsaking of my diet.

How does your beauteous Worship like our Vicars Verses?

She. *O rarely well! By the soul of* Martin Parker *your Vicar has an ingenious Scull, I am mightily taken I confess with your Poetry: but say I should set my affections upon you, how will you maintain me?*

He. *Marry with my Land and Living my Father hath promised me.*

She. *I have heard much of your wealth, but I never knew your manners before now.*

He. *I have no Manours, but a pretty Homestall, and we have good store of Oxen and Horses, and Carts, and Ploughs, and houshold-stuff bomi-*

nation, and great flocks of sheep, and flocks of Geese and Capons, and Hens, and Ducks: Oh we have a fine yard of Pullen, and thank God here is fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

She. I cannot live content in the midst of discontent, for as it is impossible for that musick to delight the eare where all the parts of discord come to composition, so the marriage life will still consist of jars where there is no sympathy in the condition of the wedded parties. Pray Sir, rest your selfe contented with this Answer, I cannot love you.

He. I, I, tis no matter what you say, my Father told me thus much before I came, that you would be something nice at first, but he bad me like you never the worse for that, I were the liker to speed.

She. You were best then leave off your suit till some other time, and when my leasure shall serve me to love you Ile send for you.

He. I shall be sure to pay the Messenger, and so I take my leave of your beautifull Worship.

An Invitation to Mirth.

HE that's contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs the more he may,
Ne're meets with Aches in the bone,
Or Catharrs, or griping stone,

Or

Or lingringly his Lungs consumes
Into feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
Never he his body brings,
Cause he ever laughs and sings.
He that would his body keep
From Diseases, must not weep;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease:
'Tis Mirth that fills the veins with blood
More than wine, or sleep, or food.

SONG IV.

The convert.

[Tune is, *For now the Butter-boxes begin, &c.*]

1

COme sweet *Clarinda*
My joy and my life,
I have left the Whore *Dulcinda*
And thou shalt be my Wife,
For now I find the folly of quaffing & whoring
That ends in confusion and horrible woe,
Ile have no more drinking, nor drabbing, nor scoring,
That dries up the body, and damns the soul too.

2.

I have been in *Venice*
Amongst the brave Lasses,

In *Madrid*, in *Paris*, and *Padua* too,
Have had converſation
With Wiſe men and Aſſes,
With the taffety petticoat, and Covenery
Yet all's done 'tis madneſs,
And grief and deſpair,
That ends in confuſion and horrible woe:
Their black gloomy priſons
With outſides moſt fair,
That dry up the body, and damn the ſoul too.

3.

Come then fair temperance,
True Image of Heaven,
Thee will I worſhip
Immaculate Maid,
By thy bright ſelf
Alone He be ſhriven,
For curſed *Acrasia*
Too long I've obey'd,
He now (with *Diocleſian*)
Plant herbs and ſweet flowers,
And think my ſelf greater
Than *Spain's* mighty King,
And ſing o're the Song,
Of the witty Epheſian,
Unto a Key equal
With *Elacca* fine ſtring.

4. Wine

What is the Camp,
But a company of Cornets,
What is the City,
But a Family of Fools?
What is the Court,
But a huge hive of Hornets,
Moles, mad men, and mercenaries,
Monsters and Mules?
Thrice happy is the Hermit
In woods that converses,
And lives on what Nature
Affords without toyle,
And sings his Makers praise
In Theological Verses,
Free from the City,
The Camp or Court coyle.

A Letter to a Maid or Widdow.

Lady,

IN your stern Beauty I can plainly see
Those Wonders that in Ætna be,
If coals out of that Mountains top do flye,
Consuming flames gush from your eye;
If frost do there lie on the ground below,
Your breast is white, and cold as snow;
Those fiery sparks that set my heart on fire,
Refuse to melt your own desire;
The frost that doth binde up your chilly breast,
With double fire has me oppress:

Just

Just so the hearth his proper flame withstands,
When ice it self heats others hands.

A Lover that would be, finding his Mistresse alone, thus Courts her.

He. *Save you sweet Mistresse, How comes it to passe that you are alone?*

She. *Because Sir, I desire no other company but my own.*

He *Would I were your own then, that I might keep you company.*

She. *O Sir, you and he that is my own are farr asunder.*

He. *But if you please you may be nearer.*

She. *That cannot be, mine own is nearer then my self, and yet alas I cannot call my self my own; thoughts, fears, and despairs are only mine, and those doe keep me company.*

He. *I must confesse your Father is too cruell to keep you thus in a manner sequestred from the world, to spend your prime of youth in obscurity, seeking to wed you to a very Foole that knows not how to use himself; but could my deserts be answerable to my desires, I swear by all things powerfull that my heart could wish no higher happinesse than to be graced with your love. I cannot play the dissembler as some doe, nor hang my love at my tongues end.*

She

She. *Sir, I shall consider of your suit.*
He. *Do, and make me eternally happy.*

A Marriage Song.

REmember (Bridegroom) as thy Bride is fair
How many Nights of care
Waited thy honest lust,
Thy timerous distrust,
Thy conflict in the question now recall
Her easie threats, thy easier tears, and all
That amorous story
Which made me glad and sorry;
How the slie Maid
At sundry times betraid,
And oft deny'd her Mistresse: now at last
When thou hast liberty thy joyes to taste
Thou canst not put off wishing, but must woo
For kisses, while thou kill'st; tie her shoor,
As glad to see it slack, and feare to lose,
Makes thee imbrace her with a stronger close.

2.

On to the Church, let *Hymen* passe before,
Sing mirthfull Pæans: *Io ore and ore.*
The Spring (to save me Poetry)
Has spread with curious industry
The way with Violets where she must tread,
Pruche from *Flora's* fragrant bed
Else would a birth stand up commanded by
One touch of hers, though Nature knew not why,
Perfumes upon her lips the Graces scatter,
Her lips which neither Maid nor Glasse can flatter:
Now bathe thy soul in blisses
And melt thy selfe in kisses:
She will return thee love for love Ile warrant,
And bring thee every year an Heir apparant.

Ralph.

Ralph courts *Maudlin.*

Ralph. *Faith, I ha been in a fair taking for you, a bots on you, for tother day after I had seen you, my belly began to rumble; what's the matter thought I? with that I bethought my self, and the sweet comportnance of that same sweet round face of thine: out went I, and I'le beſworn was never ſo taken, for I was fain to cut all my points, and doſt hear* Maudlin, *if thou doeſt not grant me thy good will, in the way of Marriage, ſpeed and foremoſt I'le run out of my cloathes, and then out of my wits for thee.*

Maudlin. *Nay* Ralph. *I would be loath you ſhould do ſo for me.*

Ralph. *Will you look merrily on me, and love me then?*

Maudlin. *Faith, I care not greatly if I do.*

Ralph. *Care not greatly if I do! what an anſwer's that? If thou wilt ſay, I* Maudlin *take thee* Ralph *to my ſpruce Husband.*

Maudlin. *Why ſo I will, but we muſt be cry'd at the Market-*[illegible]*, and have more company for Witneſſes firſt.*

Ralph. *Nay, we will not want for company.*

Maudlin. *Why then here's my hand.*

Ralph. *And here's a buſs, I long to be in bed with thee my ſweet morſel of maids fleſh.*

A Letter from a Batchelour or Widdower to the Maid or Widow that he is sure to.

My dear Dear,

SInce the Heavens have so much favoured me, that your consent walks hand in hand with the serious proposals of my lawful love, I cannot but expres those Joyes that crowd about my heart, and tell you, that as I was never happy till now, so I shall never finde any felicity but in your blessed company, who are more to me then the Mines of Mexico or Peru, your face affording the fulness of beauty, your body the summum of all bliss, and your bosom the basis of all perfection: and rest confident that the Sun shall sooner shine without affording either heat or light, the Sea cease ebbing and flowing, and the Earth be void of inhabitants, ere my firm fixed Affection fall from that bright Zenyth where my cordial zeal has placed it. I am providing as fast as may be for the Solemnization of our Hymeneal Rites, my true love gives wings unto my haste, for I long to fold thee in my arms and to lose my lusty youth in thy imbraces, who art my light and life, and to whom I shall ever prove my self

Sincerely Affectionate.

Her Answer.

Sweet Friend,

I Kindly thanke you for your last Letter, and thinke my selfe the happiest she in the world who have the sincere and unbyassed affection of a man so accomplished as your selfe: nor shall I fail to retribute your cordiality with the return of a true and unfeigned zeale, my heart is wholly yours, you sit as sole soveraigne there, and command each thought ere I can call it mine; my subjugation to you is (in my opinion) the most immence tranquility that can possibly wait on Mortality; command me (dear friend) as soon as you please, for the griping Miser is not more desirous of Mamon, or the hungry man of meat, than I am to prostrate all I call mine to your commands, to whom I shall ever manifest my selfe

A loyall Lover.

A new Letany.

FRom a nose that ne're met Foe,
And from a Sword that ne're struck blow,
From a Red-breech to make a show
With one copper-lace or two,
From a Belt of leather enough
Hung with Tobacco-pipes to puffe,
And from a Brawle to take in snuffe.
Libera nos Domine.

From a new Hat without a band,
From an Heire that has no Land,
From a face at *Plimouth* tand,
From him that wears a Feather in's Cap,
With new white boots without a Top,
And paid for too by wondrous hap,
With a painted Quean upon his lap.
Libera nos Domine.

From a new Beard with Dogs-turd trim'd,
With a new Love-lock, lac'd and limb'd,
From a new favour snacht or nim'd,
From him that walks as if he swim'd.
Libera nos Domine

The Lover being out of hope ever to gain his Mistress Affection, thus takes his Farewel of her by Letter.

Discourteous Dame,

HEe that first folded his arms, lookt pale, walkt disconsolately, and sighed his sorrows in a pensive tone, was he that first taught Women how to be cruel and relentless: *Most inexorable Woman! have I so long courted thee with all the reality of serious love? have I lickt thy spittle from the earth, and prostrated my self at thy feet as thy footstool, offering up more prayers at thy Shrine then in the Temple, and will nothing mollify thy obdurate heart? what excuse canst thou make for such contemptuous scorn? am I another* Hyponax, *or mis-shapen* Thyrsites? *or has Time yet stampt the Characters of Age upon my brow? or is my Estate so mean that I cannot maintain thee in more pomp then thy pride can dictate? if none of these can be charg'd upon me, let the world judge of thy wisdom; for me, I have found my errour, and will appoint my self the strictest penance: in the mean time I gaze upon my* quondam *absurdities (in reference to thee) as Prodigies that predicted ruine, but by heavenly appointment are turned to good. So farewel fond and cruel Mistress and may both Poles meet before thy Love and my Affection, which is the firm resolve of*

Thy mortal Enemy.

SONG

SONG VI.

The Willing Prisoner.

Tune is, *We'l go no more to the Old Exchange, &c.*

HAve I not lov'd thee pretty one,
a whole moneth and a day,
And is't not now time to be gone,
I prethee Wanton say?
that until I view'd thy face,
have laught at *Cupids* power;
Ne're knew what amorous worship was,
above a single hour:
Am now inslaved by thy smiles,
and thy alluring postures;
Nor am I weary of thy wiles,
but dote upon thy gestures.

2.

Sure thou hast some Circean charm,
some spell that so attracts me;
Yet am I happy in my harm,
and blest by that which wracks me.
So loyal Prisoners kiss their Gyve,
and Martyrs play with fire;
I would not part for a thousand lives
with thee my souls desire.
Then *Cupid* grace thy Convertite,
with Pageants and Procession;
And I such favour to requite,
will trumpet my Procession.

3

O thou art all so sweet, so faire,
I lose my self in wonder,
And *Jove* himself would quit his chair,
and throw aside his Thunder,

But to obtain one kisse from thee,
but *Jove*'s self shan't supplant me,
For whilst I boast thy amity
His fire-balls cannot daunt me.

Then come my Dearest, let me clip
thy body most divine,
And suck *Nepenthe* from thy lip,
which yeilds immortall wine.

4

It is thy glory (Dearest sweet)
the fightless Archer never
Did with a Dart my bosom greet,
thy Eyes supply his Quiver.

Had *Homer* or *Musæus* seen
thy rare resplendent glories,
Hellen and *Hero* ne're had been
so famous in their stories.

Thou hadst fil'd up the mouth of Fame
and if my skill may raise thee;
I'le rear such Trophies to thy name,
that after-times shall praise thee.

5. Thou

5.

Thou art that *Venus* which did rise
out of the foaming Ocean,
While all the tumid Deities
did wait upon thy motion.
Since then thou art that Goddess kind
that rules the Baby-getter,
Let thy belov'd *Anchyses* finde
how thou his limbs canst fetter.
Race of young *Æneas's*
shall every year finde being,
While I like steel-back'd *Hercules*
my flesh am alwayes freeing.

A Letter from a Woman (Heaven knows) being forced to wooe some obdurate Young Man.

Sweet Sir,

I Cannot but tax You of too much harshness and dissonancy, for slying her who so entirely affects You: must Daphne *follow* Phebus? *fie Sir! can You be so uneasie, can You freeze in so hot a Summers day? Certainly it is Your mistake that occasions this scorn: I have Youth and some Beauty, else my Glass is treacherous, and all that censure me are meer Calumniators. I do confess I am too pliant, too much Woman, yet I can frown and*

nip

nip the passions of others even in the bud. I can
others that they court our Sex onely to please
present heat, and then it is their pleasure to
us; I can hold off, and by the Chyrurgical pow
my countenance draw whole Rhemes of Sonn
Madrigals from the brains of a weeping Lo
yet to you (dear Sir) who are my better self
off all those necessary nicenesses, and contrary to
stome do that office which no way besits a w
and intreat a Man to love, if you are ha
and have blood and spirit you cannot ob
relent; though you are as hard as marble,
believe you are no Image, is it not deplor
a thing of so exact a form, shap'd out with
a symetry, that has all the organs of speech
ing to a man, should render all those but
motions that walk upon wires; then (dear
leave off what you have been, and be wha
and Nature intended you for, a Man, and im
that real love which is unfeignedly prostrate

Your affectionate, &c.

A Souldier complementing a young Mai

Souldier. I am a Souldier and a Batche
Lady, I could love such a Wife as you infini
they that use many words are commonly decei

qui

t the truth is; I long to be a Husband, a good
usband: I finde my self given to my ease a little,
m young you see, and for my abilities you need
question them, if you are diffident, try me
re you take me.

Maid. You appear to me Sir, so honest and ci-
, that I dare bid you welcome without a blush.

Souldier. You have made me a bountifull
nds for your strict carriage when you saw me
you will not be angry Lady, if I ask you
question.

Maid. Any thing, Sir.

Souldier. Are you a Maid?

Maid. You make me blush to answer you: I
ever accounted so, and durst confirm it Sir,
h an oath.

Souldier. Then would I counsel you to marry
esently, for every year you lose, you lose a Boy,
gether with a Beauty.

Maid. I am not so strict Sir, nor so much tyed
to a Virgin solitarines, but if an honest and
ble Souldier, (such as I esteem your self)
uld profess a sincere Affection, I think I
uld accept it, but first I must have good as-
rance of his love; I know well how to be com-
nded, and how to be obeyed if occasion re-
re it, nor is my Rial of less worth when 'tis
t, if spent by my direction for my Husbands
antage: And I do hold it as indifferent in

my

my duty to be his Maid in the Kitchen, o
Cook (if necessity command it) as to know
self the Mistress of the House in the Ha
Parlour.

Souldier. Faith Lady, let's not linger, bu
married on the sudden.

Maid. And as suddenly you will repent y
bargain.

Souldier. The sooner I shall bless my Fate.

Maid. You are a Flatterer, but to speak
truth, the first time that I saw you, I s
something in that noble Face, that comma
my notice.

Souldier. I am all yours Lady.

Maid. You have the art to couzen me,
I shall venture for once; Hymen has some
shown himself.

SON

SONG VII.

A Pastoral Dialogue between Lalus and Melissa.

[Tune is, *Didst thou not once* Lucinda *vow, &c.*]

Lalus. How long (*Melissa*) shall thy scorn
make *Lalus* curse his fate,
And wish that he had ne're been born
to perish by thy hate?

Fond Shepherd, why art thou distrest,
have I not often said,
Lalus, no more thy self molest,
in vain thou crav'st my aid.

Lalus. What is't that renders me despis'd?
my Flocks are neither few
Nor lean; my love is highly priz'd
by all the Nymphish crew.

Mel. Ask me not why I shun thy love,
I can no reason yield;
Great *Phebus* could not *Daphne* move,
love cannot be compell'd.

Lalus. Then for thy love, O cruel Maid!
I must resigne my breath.

Mel. The Destinies must be obey'd,
I do not wish thy death.

Lalus. So sinking Mariners do pray
to Storms, and so they hear
I will not live another day,
to feed on grief and fear.

Mel. I would my power walkt hand in hand
with what I could desire,
But Fate no mortal can withstand,
Farewel, I must retire.

Lelia. Farewel, thou flinty-hearted Girle,
thou wilt repent too late,
When tatling Fame abroad shall hear
the rigour of my fate.

A new Married Wife thus discards her
quondam Lover by a Letter.

SIR.

Could not your own discretion tell you that when I was married I was none of yours: it not time Sir, to become vertuous? I hope you forget our past follies, and neither talk of our intimacy, or cherish a thought of our future familiarity; Your eyes are now commanded to look off I stand now in the marriage circle safe and secure can all your Spells, Charms, or Incantations be of force to remove me: it is the highest sacrilege to violate Wedlock: you rob two Temples at once and so make your self doubly guilty, while you ravine hers, and bespatter her Husbands honour; I have hopes of your conformity, and that for time to come you will love me vertuously, chastly and modestly. So expecting, nay imploring your compliance, I take my leave, and am

Yours in all civil service.

A Conceited Complemental Dialogue, between a waggish Wench and a new wounded Lover.

She. *Did your wisdom conceit, that I was in love? I wonder where I first began to suck in that unnatural heat, I am sure not from those leaden Eyes of yours, that sight is no way burning: I confess they would be very lovely ones if the balls stood right, and there is a Leg of yours (to your praise be it spoken) made out of a dainty Staff, and yet God be thanked there is Calf enough.*

He. *Be pleased to pardon him dear Lady, who though once refractory, is now become soft and solluble; you see what miracles your beauty can work.*

She. *Alas poor soul! has it been wounded of late? prickt at the heart Ile warrant, with a barbed Arrow.*

He. *Let my true unfeigned penitence procure me a pardon for my former follies; I do acknowledge that dread and powerful Deity, little (great) Cupid, and his all-quickening fire vehemently burns in my breast. I do confess I am he that once unjustly wronged your honour, and that termed you unchaste and impudent: yet I am he that now do beg your love;*

my Contrition is as true as my Allegations were false; I am now all love, and all your Creature, neither can I live, unless you will deigne to love me.

She. *Well Sir, I shall consider of your suit, your Confession and Contrition has something wrought upon me.*

He. *I am at your disposal.*

SONG VIII.

The Inspired Lover.

[Tune is, *Gerhards Mistress.*]

1.

APpear
Thou true *Aurora*, suddenly appear;
The World to chear;
For till thou shin'st all things do languish here:
Diffuse
Those lucid glories, oh diffuse thy beams
To guild Loves streams,
Where *Cupid* Anchors in a Ship of Dreams:
To long th' hast been secluded
When those fulgent Rayes of thine
Can cloathe this Globe
In such a Robe
Shall *Cynthia's* self out-shine.

2. Le

2.

Let our
Humorous Poets flatter rottenness and paint,
And call her Saint,
Making a Quean a Queen with language queint.
And call
Those Ladies beauteous, whose sunk watry eyes
And rivell'd thighs
would daunt Deaths self, meaning to make them
Let them still dawb and varnish (prize.
Old *Hecuba*, and call her fair;
While we do know
'Tis nothing so,
She sheds her nails and hair.

3.

But thou
Great Nature's Goddess, glory of thy kinde,
Where shall we finde
One like thy self for person and for minde?
Thy true,
Yet Roseat colour, that exceeds all art,
And fires my heart,
Those rare perfections lodg'd in every part.
That high-built Ivory Forehead,
That melting Lip, and sparkling Eye,
And such a Tongue
Ingag'd in Song,
Would slave a Deity.

4.

I do
Not envy *Phebus* with his Laureate Love,
Nor would I prove
Saturn's Phylyra, or the Wife of *Jove*;
Let *Bacchus*
Court his Madam in a kindely Grape,
Let *Saturn's* rape
Beauteous *Alemena* in *Amphitrio's* shape.
I have more then heaven,
Earth, or *Neptune's* Empery
Angels and men
Fall prostrate then
Adore this Deity.

5.

When I
First perused that Celestial face
In such a place,
Where *Flora* tript it with her Nimphish race,
Did not (crew
The chearful Goddess and her Rose-crown'd
All flockt to view,
A mortal Creature, but of heavenly hue.
Did they not each fall prostrate,
As sweet *Ver* in charge had given,
A flowry Wreathe
Each did bequeathe
To thee the joy of Heaven.

6.

6.

I am
Not perplexed at the great Turks store,
Or that the Ore
Of hallowed shrines serves to adorn his whore.
The migh-
-ty Sultan's greatness, or the Persian pride,
I can abide;
And view the great Iberian Monarch ride
In his Golden Chariot
Studded with most precious Gems,
In thee (my Dear)
I have what e're
The mightiest Prince esteems.

A Jearing Ironical Epistle.

Sir,

I *Have so much care of your health, that I cannot but intreat you (as the Welch Philosopher sayes) to take very many heeds, that your braine bring not your body to ruine. I hear you have undertaken all City Feasts, Poesies for Chimneys and Chambers, and Entertainments whensoever, and wheresoever, at the peril of your own invention; 'tis a very noble Resolve I confess, but you must consider that the misery of Man may fitly be compared to a Divedapper, who when she is under water past our sight, and indeed can seem no more*

to us, rises again, and does but shake her self, and is the very same she was: even so (beloved Sir) it still with transitory Man. You have learnt the names of the several Liberal Sciences, and have written Epistles Congratulatory to the Nine Muses, and are indeed one of the Water-Bayliffs of Helicon: But what then? Poverty is the Patrimony of the Muses; those that have seen the sad Exit of many a famous Poet, have made that old Law into a new Maxime: you are not to be taught that no man can be learned of a sudden, but let not your project for Poetry discourage you, what (probably) you may lose in that you may get again in Alchimy; but what ever happens, you must remember that the chief note of a Scholar is to govern his passions; keep your hat on, the black salute few bare-headed, especially in Winter there is much danger in it. The Poet Æschilus while he was complementing with his hat in his hand had his brains beaten out by a shell-Fish darted from an Eagles claw, who took his bal'd-pate for a white Rock: I know you bruise your brains and confine your self to much vexation; I know also that eight and twenty several Almanacks have been compiled, and all for several years since first the fabrick of yours was indued with breath; and eight and twenty times has Phœbus Carre run out his yearly course since your creation. I need not play the Œdipus, or say you are eight and twenty years

of age; so wishing you long life, I rest and remaine —— Yours verily.

A Love-Song, *Between* Amyntas *and* Cloris.

1.

Cloris sigh'd, and sang, and wept;
Sighing sang, and singing slept;
Awakes, sighs, sings, and weeps again,
For *Amyntas*! [*Amyntas*!] that was slain.

Oh! [oh!] had you seen his face quoth she,
How sweet, how full of majestie:
And there she stopt, and then she cry'd,
Amyntas! *Amyntas*! and so she dy'd.

2.

Cloris dead! *Amyntas* came,
Whilst the Eccho sounds his name;
A false report had nois'd him slain,
Which makes her death a double pain.

Gone! [gone] is my Love, my life, (quoth he)
The mirror of true constancy:
And then he rests, and kissing cryes
My *Cloris*, my *Cloris*! and by her dyes.

SONG IX.

Corinna false! how may it be?
Let me not hear't again, 'tis blasphemy;
She's Divine.
Not the Shrine,
Where the Vestal flame doth shine,
Holds a Light more constant, pure than she:
Next shall the Night
Out-burn that Taper-light
Which consumes the One-Ey'd day,
Phebus rayes
Shall not gaze
Titan in his clearest face;
Snow shall burn,
Floods return
To the Springs: the Funeral Urn
Shall enlive its ashes, e're her loves decay.

2.

'Tis said *Corinna*, how may it be?
As false as my affections true to thee;
That thou art
How my heart
Fears such terrors to impart,
Not what thou was wont to be to me:
This! this destroyes
My late triumphant joyes,

Which

Which swell'd when in her armes entwin'd,
Love's best wreathe,
You did breathe
Vowes to be my life till death;
Rob'd that bliss,
Leaving this
With sighs, and every word a kiss,
Whilst that our poor souls are with love com-
(bin'd.

3.

Last Night I walkt into a Grave,
Where chaste embraces did oft express a love,
Pure as fire,
Whose desire
Might but with our souls expire,
This I vowed since your sad remove:
The Nightingale
Hath husht her pretty tale,
Now leaving her ditties to the Owl,
When we spy
From the Sky
Falling Stars, our misery
They assigne,
If you shine
In any Orb of Love but mine:
Come, come *Corinna*, and revive my soul.

The

THE

Muses Expositor

OR,

A Poetical Dictionary,

For Information of the meer English Reader.

A.

Ajax.

AJax firnamed *Telemon*, who (vanquished by *Ulysses* invincible Oratory, who in despite of him obtained *Achilles's* Celestiall Armes) slew himself, out of whose Blood sprang a Flower with these Letters on the Leaves, *A. J.* which are the first letters of his name, signifying *Grief* and *Dolour*: *Ajax* in Greek signifying *Ahlas*.

Achilles,

Achilles,

The son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, the greatest and most excellent Warriour among the Grecians: the Poets will have him to be invulnerable, only his heel might be pierced; which (say they) was proved by *Paris*, who wounded him with an envenomed Dart (in the Temple of *Apollo*) in that very place, whereof he dyed.

B.

Bellerophon,

As some will have it, the son of *Neptune*, to others of *Glaucus* King of *Epire*, an all-accomplisht young Prince; he residing in the Court of *Petreus* King of *Argos*; the Kings Wife (*Anthia*) became passionately in love with him, insomuch that (forgetting of what Sex he was) she offered him her body; but being rejected by this frigid *Hypolitus*, and diffident of his secresie, with her hair dishelved, and on her knees she besought the King her Husband, to wipe off her stain with spunges made of his heart who had ravisht her: *Petreus*, though highly incensed, would not immediately destroy him, nor permit his slaughter in his Palace, but contrived his ruine thus. He wrote Letters to his Father-in-law, *Jobates* King of *Lycia*, making *Bellerophon* the messenger, intimating that upon receipt of those, he should immediately kill

kill him. (*Bellerophon*) as his deepest enemy, the Prince thus dispatched with the message of his own murther, repaired to *Lycia*, and was magnificently treated by the King for the space of twelve dayes: which expired, *Jobates* enquired the welfare of his Son and Daughter, with the present estate of *Epire*, demanding if he had no Letters that might hint his desired solution. *Bellerophon* presently pull'd forth his Packet, which the King receiving and reading, became much astonished; but dissembling his displeasure, he began to cogitate how he might deliver over *Bellerophon* to death by some wilie stratagem, and therefore using him with all honour for some few dayes, he began at length to express more intimacy, often discoursing with him of Prodigies, Monsters, and Serpents, and amongst the rest he mentioned the Chymera, a most hideous monster, informing him, that whosoever should destroy that Beast should have Temples erected to his honour. *Bellerophon*, whose magnanimity was sufficient to animate him to any adventure, (though never so dreadful) readily undertook the encounter, vanquishing this more then monster, thanks to his plumed paltry; for which deliverances, *Jobates* not onely altered his sanguine resolve, but gave him one of his Daughters, called *Cassandra* in marriage, with part of his territories.

Cassan-

C.

Cassandra,

A Propheteſs, Daughter to *Priam* King of *Troy*: Antiquity relates that *Apollo* was much enamoured on this Sybill, who for a long time remained deafe to his demands, to the great grief of that God, as is ſweetly hinted by the famous French Poet *Ronſard* in one of his most excellent Sonets (tranſlated, and almoſt fitted for the Preſſe) to his Miſtreſſe, whom he ſhadows under the name of *Caſſandra, Son. 22.*

So ſacred Phœbus *up and down did rove*
On Zanthus *banks (by* Ilion *ſwiftly running)*
While rivers, woods, and flowry-meads did mone,
Wailing (with him) Caſſandra's *cruell cunning.*

In vain the penſive God his Harp did plie
(mingling his briny-tears with Zanthus *ſtream)*
In vain he taxt his Ladies cruelty,
Waſting his vitals in an amorous Dream.

As thou great God of Science, and of Light,
Gold-hayr'd Hyperion *were't once perplext,*
So am I ſtabb'd with dolours day and night,
With griping care, and ſullen ſorrow vexed, &c.

Yet at laſt this love-ſick Deity got a grant of his wiſhes, on this condition that *Phœbus* ſhould furniſh her with ſuch Perſcience, that ſhe ſhould

be able to foretell the Fates of Men, Nations, and Cities for Ages to come. *Phœbus* granted her desire, but claiming her promise, she gave a scornfull negation: At which *Apollo* being incensed (since it was impossible to seize what he had already conferred, for the Gods (say the Poets) cannot revoke their promise) added this, That *though she prophesied never so truly no man should believe her*; the reason that though she foretold the calamities that must inevitably follow, if *Helen* were not restor'd, yet none hearkned to her advice.

Calais,

The Brother of *Zetes*, both sons to *Boreas*; the two Brothers being imbarqued with *Jason*, and the other *Argonauts*, for the conquest of the Golden Fleece, hapned to cast anchor in a Haven of *Bythinia*, then under the Scepter of *Phineus* King of *Bythinia* and *Paphlagonea*, (a man most skilful in predicting future accidents) who, for divulging the secrets of the Gods (having been honoured with their Councels, was not onely struck blinde by *Jupiter*, but most strangely tormented by Harpies, that is, monstrous Birds, with faces like Virgins, their hands mis-shapen and wondrous large, furnished with great bellies and insatiate appetites; these so soon as *Phinehas* was set down to meat were

were constant Intruders, either devouring all, or in case any dish escaped their rapacity, they defiled it with loathsome excrements. *Phineus* having foreseen the approach of those noble Adventurers who were now landed in his Dominions, furnishing himself with a Guide, repaired to their Harbour, relating his misfortune, and imploring their assistance; adding, That he was near allied to them in blood, having married one of their sisters called *Cleopatra*, also that he had a long time expected their approach, as appointed by heaven for his deliverance. The sons of *Boreas* (whose shoulders were adorned with wings like Birds) and their fellow-Adventurers, being moved with compassion, associated him to his Court, where at the hour of Dinner they were sumptuously feasted; but scarce had they tasted the Viands, when behold the Harpies (with hideous noise) invaded the meat, filling the room with a noysome stench: then the sons of *Boreas* presently taking wing, fell upon the Harpies with such courage that they forced them to fly, when a voice was heard from heaven, forbidding them further pursuit, and assuring that the Harpies should no more infest *Phineus*. *Apollonius, Valerius, Flaccus.*

Castor

Castor.

The brother of *Pollux*, the two sons of *Leda*, the first by *Tyndarus*, the second by *Jupiter*; they were born in *Æbalia*, called also *Laconia*; *Castor* being slain by *Meleager* his Brother, *Pollux* (who challenged the right of Immortality, as the Son of *Jove*) so infinitely loved him, that he prevailed with his Father *Jupiter*, that his Immortality might equally be shared betwixt them; which being granted, they live and are in Heaven by turns.

D.

Delphos.

Where *Apollo*'s Temple stood on the Hill of *Parnassus*, a Rock every where hanging over it, where stood a City not defended by Walls, but by Precipices; the middle of the Rock did open it self into the form of a Theatre, by reason whereof the clamour of men and the clangor of Trumpets when they were sounded, was heard more multiplied by the Reverberation; which struck the men of that Age (being ignorant of the natural cause) with great terrour, adding a reverend amazement to their admiration: Here this Devil of *Delphos* a long time gave Oracles; much about this hollow of the Rock, on the middle of the height of the Hill,

Hill, there was a little Plain, and in it a deep Hole, out of which the Oracle proceeded, which being a cold Breath driven up (as it were) by a Winde, did possess the minds of the Priests with a madness, who being filled with the God (or rather the Devil) he did force them to give Answers to those that demanded them.

E.

Empedocles,

The renowned Sicilian Philosopher, hee constituted two principles of all things, *viz.* *Vacancy* and *Repletion*, and was of opinion that those Atoms congregated in one bulk, all the great *All* took being: that he might be thought a God, he leapt into *Ætna*, as was confirmed by the ejection of his brazen shooes.

F.

Faunus:

One of the Wood Gods, sometimes taken for *Robin-Good-Fellow*, one of that name King of the Latines, who first erected Temples, was worshipped with divine honours, of whom all Temples were called *Fanes*.

Gorgo

G.

Gorgons,

[illegible] the son of *Neptune* had six daughters, [illegible] whereof were called the *Graæ*, because [illegible] were born with white hairs covering [illegible] Bodies like a garment; the other three [illegible] named *Gorgons* for their horrible shapes, [illegible] in Greek signifying *terrible*. They feign [illegible] these three had but one Eye to see with, [illegible] Tooth to eat with, which they mutually enjoyed by turns; *Medusa* being mortal, [illegible] the other immortal: they had their heads [illegible]rig'd with Scales of Dragons, their teeth [illegible] as those of a wilde Boar, having wings [illegible]rewith they flew: moreover qualified with [illegible] excellent property, that whoever looked [illegible]on them were immediately converted into [illegible]one, for so the Poets and Grammarians (as [illegible]ll Greeks as Latines will have it) but to [illegible]ak truth, and with Authenticke Authority [illegible] warrant, they were endued with such excel- [illegible] beauty, that all that gazed upon them were [illegible]mprized with amazement: thence came the [illegible]ction, that they were converted into stone, [illegible]*at. Comes Mithol. lib.* 6.

Hymen,

HD.

Hymen,

The God of Marriage, he was born in Athens. It hapned that the chief Virgins of the City sporting themselves in an Evening by the Sea shore, were surprized by Pyrats, and with the rest, Hymen (who to enjoy the company of his Beloved, had put himself into the habit of a Woman) was brought on board; but at that night this masculine Maid cut the throats of all the Pyrats while they were soundly sleeping: and running to the City, demanded of the Citizens what they would give to him that should restore their Daughters? They being surprised with joy, promised him all they were masters of. He only requested the immediate possession of his Mistress; which being confirmed unto him by oath, he immediately gave every man his Girle, and receiving his dear Dear to his imbraces, that Marriage proved so fortunate, that after his deceasle it was the constant custom of the Greeks to Invoke Hymen at every Nuptial Feast. And from them the Latines received that Ceremony long time in use amongst them.

I.

Io,

The Daughter of *Inachus*, transformed into a Cow, and Bull'd by *Jupiter*; at which, *Juno* being angry, created a Fly called the *Æstrum*, which so stung poor *Io*, that she became mad, and afterwards brought forth a Son to *Jupiter*, called *Epaphus Æschylus*.

L.

Laomedon,

Father to *Priam*, he intending to build the city of *Troy*, *Neptune* and *Apollo* (degraded of their Deity) indented with him for an Annual salary to afford their utmost aid: This proffer was chearfully imbraced by *Laomedon*, but his work finished, he not onely denied to make good his agreement, but threatned in case they departed out his Territories, to cut off their Ears, and banish them into some barren Island: this brace of Deities thus injuriously dealt with were extreamly incensed, and resolving to castigate this perfidious Prince, *Apollo* shot his Arrows (headed with Pestilence) into the Town, while *Neptune* thundred his rage in impetuous Torrents that passed over the walls, threatning an utter devastation by water: *Laomedon* being thus plagued with fire within, and water without,

out, resorted to the Oracle, enquiring the cause and cure of these evils: Answer was given, That *the inraged Powers could not be appeased but with the yearly Tribute of an immaculate Virgin made choice on by Lot, and bound to a Rock adjoyning to the Sea shore, there to be devoured by the Monsters of the Sea.* *Laomedon* returning to *Troy* summoned the Grands of the City, to whom he related the harsh Doom of the Oracle: they (of two evils, willing to chuse the least) gave their consent, but with this caution, that the Sortilege should impartially passe: the Lots were immediately cast, and (by the appointment of Fate) fell upon *Hesione* the King's Daughter; who was immediately taken, and her silken limbs fastned to a Rock with iron chains; as this naked Princess was bemoaning her captivity, every minute in expectation to be buried in the bowels of a monstrous Ork. The great *Hercules* passing that way, being moved with compassion to hear her laments, gave her deliverance, by slaying the monster. *Laomedon* falling at the feet of *Hercules*, manifested his joy, proffering him thirty Horses lately given him by *Jupiter*. *Hercules* gave him thanks, but refused the gratuity (being now on his journey for the atchievement of the Golden Fleece) till his return, which was in a few dayes after: but demanding his Horses, *Laomedon* denied the

e ever made such a Proposal: at which monstrous ingratitude, *Hercules* being justly inraged, sacked the city of *Troy*. *Valerius Flaccus*, *Argonaut. lib.* 3.

M.

Medea,

The Wife of *Jason*, for whose sake she betrayed her Countrey, slew her Brother, and lastly, her own Children.

N.

Nereides.

Nymphs of the Ocean, waiting upon *Thetis*: they are said to be fifty in number.

O.

Orpheus,

The Son of *Apollo* and *Caliope*: or, as others say, of *Oxger* a Mountain in *Thrace* and *Polymnia*. He is said by the sweetness of his melody to attract the affections of Trees and Stones, to calm the Windes, and stop the courses of Rivers; his wife *Eurydice* dying, he took his journey to Hell, where he obtained such favour of *Pluto* (for it seems the very Devils delight in Musick) that his Wife had leave to return with him to the Earth, but in case he look't back till his arrival there, the favour would be frustrate. He (who doated upon his Wives countenance) forgetting the Injunction

of the Acherontick God, must needs look over his shoulder, and so in a moment lost his dear and long-attempted purchase; therefore returning to the earth, he spent his dayes in the severest solitude, and yet his mourning occasioned mirth: for,

1.

While Orpheus *sweetly did complain,*
Upon his Lute, with heavy strain,
How his Erudice *was slain;*
The Trees to hear,
Obtain'd an ear,
And after left it off again.

2.

At every stroke, and every stay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And listned, bending all one way;
The Aspen-tree
As fast as he,
Began to shake, and learn'd to ply.

—being finally (after a tedious languishment) become a Woman-eater, he was slain by Thracian Women as the very enemy of their sex.

P.

Philomel,

Or the Nightingale, the daughter of *Pandion* King of *Thrace*, who to be revenged on her Husband *Tereus* (who had deflowred her sister, and cut out her tongue to prevent discovery) slew her own Son *Itis*, and feasted his Father with his limbs, and was transformed into a bird called a Nightingale. *Strada* has an excellent copy of Verses, of a great contention between this mellifluous Chorister and a skilful Lutinist, which for the Readers delight (as they were lately translated) shall be here inserted.

Now the declining Sun 'gan downward bend
From higher Heaven, and from his locks did send
A milder flame, when near to Tyber's flow
A Lutinist allay'd his careful woe
With sounding charms; and in a greeny seat
Oth' shady Oak took shelter from the heat.
A Nightingale o'rehear'd him, that did use
To sojourn in the neighbour-Grove, the Muse
That fill'd the place, the Syren of the wood,
Poor harmless Syren stealing near, she stood
Close lurking in the leaves, attentively
Recording that unwonted melody.
She conn'd it to her self, and every strain
His fingers play'd, her throat return'd again.

The Lutinist perceiv'd an Answer sent
From th' imitating Bird, and was content
To shew her play; more fully, then, in haste
He tries his Lute, and giving her a taste
Of the ensuing quarrel, nimbly beats
On all his strings ——
—— As nimbly she repeats,
And mildly ranging o're a thousand Keyes,
Sounds a shrill warning of her after-Layes.
With rolling hand the Lutinist then plies
The trembling threds, sometimes in scornful wise
He brushes down the strings, and kems them all
With one even stroke, then takes them severall,
And culls them o're again; his sparkling joynts
With busie descant, mincing on the points,
Reacht back with nimble touch, that done, he slayes.
The Bird replies, and Art with Art repayes;
Sometimes as one inexpert, or in doubt
How she might weild her voice, she draweth out
Her Tone at large, and doth at first prepare
A solemn strain, not weav'd with winding ayre;
But with an equall pitch and constant throat,
Makes clear the passage for her gliding note.
Then crosse division diversly she playes,
And loudly chaunting out her quickest Layes,
Poyses the sound, and with a quivering voice
Falls back again. ——
—— He wondring how so choice
So various harmony could issue out

From

From such a little throat, does go about
Some harder lessons, and with wondrous art
Changing the strings, doth up the Treble dart,
And downward smite the Base, with painfull stroke
He beats; and as the Trumphet doth provoke
Sluggards to fight, even so his wanton skill;
With mingled discord joyns the hoarse and shrill.

The Bird this also tunes, and while he cuts
Sharps, notes with melting voice and mingled puts
Measures of middle sound, then suddenly
She thunders deep, and juggs it inwardly
With gentle murmure, clear and dull she sings
By course as when the Martiall warning rings.

Believe't the Minstrell blusht, with angry mood
Inflam'd, quoth he, thou Chauntress of the Wood,
Either from thee I le bear the prize away,
Or vanquisht, break my Lute; without delay
Inimitable accents then he strains,
His hand flies o're the strings, in one he chains
Farre different numbers, chasing here and there,
And all the strings belabours every where.

But she, when practice long her throat had whet,
Induring not to yield, at once doth set
Her spirits all at work; and all in vain,
For while she labours to express again
With Natures simple voice such divers Keyes,
With slender pipes such lofty Notes as those;
O're matcht with high designs, o're matcht with woe,
Just at the last encounter of her foe,

She faints, she dyes, falls on his Instrument,
That conquer'd her, a fitting Monument.

R.

Rhea,

Called also *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods, Wife of *Saturn*, the Father of *Jupiter*.

S.

Salmacis,

A Nymph in love with a sullen youth, whom she one day found bathing in a christaline River, and stripping her self, accosted him naked; but he still refusing her love, she clasped him about the middle, and invoking the heavenly powers that they might never part, they were incorporated.

T.

Telephus,

The Son of *Hercules* King of *Mysia*, being wounded by *Achilles* with an Axe (when landing with his forces on his Continent, they were opposed by the Mysians, being now on their journey for *Troy*) could not be cured in eight years after: resorting to the Oracle to enquire what were best to be done. He received answer, That he who gave the wound, alone could cure it. He therefore coming to *Achilles* was by him stricken again with that very Axe in the same

same place as before, and was immediately cured, a cure both swift and strange.

V.

Venus.

Or the Sea-born Goddess, her story is thus: *Saturn* the Son of Heaven and Earth, by the perswasion of his Mother, cut off his Fathers Testicles, throwing them into the Sea, from the spour whereof *Venus* had being, whence she is called by *Lycophron*,

—[*Lover of the Privities,*]—

The first place where she landed was *Cythera*, from thence she set sail for *Cyprus*, whence she is called *Cytherea* and *Cyprides*. The Ancients painted her (as newly ariling from the Ocean) naked, sailing in a shell. *Alexander* the Great commanding *Apelles* to give her Effigie, afforded him his own Paramour (all naked) as his pattern; but the Painter having finished his piece, was as much surprized with this living, as *Alexander* with that dead *Venus*; and by *Alexanders* license, received her as the reward of his industry. On this subject the Poet *Baif* has an *Ode*, which because it was never yet Englished) I will here insert.

Behold her Hair, yet moist with brine,
Platting her Locks with artful care;
The Sea-born Venus *(all Divine)*
To Cyprus *Island doth repair:*
A Shell's her Ship, no sooner born,
But Incense does her Shrine adorn.

The end of the *Muses Expositor*

A plaister for *Priscians* pate.

AN

APPENDIX

TO

The Academy of Pleasure.

Containing

An *Alphabetical Explanation* of Hard Words,

For Instruction of the Weaker sort of Capacities.

A.

ADulate] *flatter, or cogge.*
Abreviate] *make short.*
Abandon] *forsake*
Acherontick] *relating to Hell.*
Annihilate] *make void*
Adulterated] *corrupted, altered from its genuine purity.*

Abdicated] *thrown down.*

Abſolved] *forgiven.*

Abhominate] *hate deadly.*

Alienated] *eſtranged, or loſt to former knowledge.*

Anagram] *a divination by names, called by the Ancients* Onomantia; *the Greeks referre this Invention to* Lycophron, *who was one of thoſe they called the* Seven Starres, *or* Pleiades; *afterwards (as witneſſes* Euſtachius) *there were divers Greek Wits that diſported themſelves herein: as, he which turned* Atlas *(for his heavy burthen in ſupporting Heaven) into* Talas, *that is* wretched. *Some will maintain, that each mans Fortune is written in his Name, which they call* Anagramatiſme, *or* Metragramatiſme. *Poetical liberty will not bluſh to uſe* E *for* Æ, V *for* W, S *for* Z. *That amorous Youth did very queintly ſure, reſolving a myſterious Expreſſion of his Love to* Roſe Hill, *when in the border of a painted cloth he cauſed to be painted (as rudely as he had deviſed groſly) a Roſe, a Hill, an Eye, a Loaf, and a Well; that is if you ſpell it,* I Love Roſe Hill well.

Accoſt] *ſalute.*

Accrew] *gain by induſtry.*

Apocrypha] *doubtful.*

Aſſume

Assume] *take to himself.*
Alacrity] *chearfulness.*
Allusion] *relating to another matter.*
Amiable] *fair, or lovely.*
Amicable] *friendly.*
Arbitrate] *decide, or end a controversie.*
Alternate] *constantly in motion.*
Agile] *nimble.*
Absterfive] *See the Description of* Byrtha's *Bed in* Gondibert, *Commented on by* E. R. Canto 2.

The Poasts were of Absterfive Ebony,
though no Absterfiveness in Posts we finde,
In Powder ta'ne (the Learned not deny)
it cleanses Choler, and in Pills breaks Winde.

B.

Beatifical] *blessed*
Barbarity] *cruelty*
Bi-fronted] *double-faced*
Boisterously] *rudely*
Bestial] *unmanly*
Burse] *Exchange*
Borean] *blustering.*
Barter] *traffick one Commodity for another*
Brutish] *swinish*

Brittle

Brittle] *apt to be broken*
Bleak] *cold*
Blythe] *merry, or ſportive*
Baneful] *deſtructive*
Bliſsful] *happy*
Barathrum] *Hell*
Bromeus] *a name of* Bacchus
Bumkinly] *clowniſh*
Bordering] *near adjoyning*

C.

Capacious] *witty, or apprehenſive*
Candid] *of a clear temper*
Captious] *tetchy, or quarrelſome*
Contemptuous] *undervaluing, or deſpiſing*
Conciſe] *brief*
Contemporary] *equal in time*
Conſpicuous] *viſible*
Commemorate] *call to minde a thing paſt, or party deceaſed*
Conflagrate] *ſet on fire*
Caſtigate] *chaſtiſe, or correct*
Conſummate] *finiſh*
Co-adjutor] *fellow-aider*
Conſanguineous] *allied by blood*
Cataracts] *the fallings of the River* Nyle *in* Ægypt

Coroborate

Coroborate] *increase in power by a constant addition of strength*
Contemplate] *serious thinking*
Completion] *finishing*
Combustible] *apt to take fire*
Commence] *take a degree*
Chalybers] *tamers of steel*
Connexion] *joyning together*

D.

Delusive] *deceitful*
Devastate] *lay waste*
Depopulate] *destroy a people*
Delineate] *make evident at large*
Denude] *strip bare*
Dethronize] *thrust a lawful King out of his Throne*
Decapitate] *behead him*
Donour] *a Giver*
Donation] *by gift*
Diabolical] *Hellish, deviliſh, or damnable*
Decollation] *beheading*
Dissimulate] *hide an intent*
Dislocate] *disjoyn, or take in pieces*
Debilitated] *weakned*
Deride] *scoff at*
Disconsolate] *melancholly, sad, or joyless*
Despicable] *worthless, not worth minding*

Ebriety

E.

Ebriety] *Drunkennesse*
Epicedium] *a Funeral Song*
Encomium] *gratulary Verses*
Epithalamium] *a Marriage Song*
Epigram] *a short, but pithy kinde of Poesie, very delectable. The best that ever were in that kinde, were* Martial, Ausonius, Owen, Harrington, *and our famous* Ben.
Elegant] *neatly phras'd*
Elaborate] *accomplished style*

F.

Fallacious] *deceitful*
Frontiniack] *a kinde of Wine very pleasant to the taste*
Fraternity] *Brotherhood*
Facetious] *smooth, polite*
Fidelious] *trusty*

G.

Garulous] *talkative*
Gygantick] *big of stature*
Gerion] *a monster with three heads.*

Ganymed

Ganymed] Jove's *Cup-bearer*
Garbage] *raffe, or refuse*
Glaceate] *congeal to Ice*

H.

Hyems] *Winter*
Hymen] *said to be the God of Marriage*
Harrassed] *weakned with tedious toil*
Harpocrates] *pourtrayed with his Finger on his mouth; said to be the God of Silence*
Hyacinth] *a Boy beloved of* Phebus, *by him unfortunately slain, and turned into a flower*

I.

Insaniate] *mad, out of ones wits*
Infranchise] *release*
Invulnerable] *not to be wounded*
Implacable] *not to be pleased, rude of soul*
Insinuate] *flatter himself into friendship*
Infernal] *belonging to Abyss*
Incorporated] *made one*
Indulgent] *loving more ardently then wisely*
Indocible] *not to be taught*
Irradiate] *beautifie*

K.

Kalendar] *an Almanack*

L.

Laſcivious] *given to women*
Loquatious] *talkative*
Landgarth] *the name of an Amazon*
Laudable] *praiſe-worthy*
Litigious] *vain, idle*
Lurk] *lie hid*
Laura] *the name of a Woman immortalized by the Pen of the famous Petrarch*
Lapidary] *one that has skill in the Vertues of Stones*
Lynceus] *ſaid to be ſo quick-ſighted, that he could pierce through the Globe of the Moon*
Lunacious] *Mooniſh*
Lycanthropia] *a Diſeaſe cauſing thoſe that are infected therewith to imagine themſelves to be transformed into Wolves*

M.

Morofity] *ſowreneſs, ſullenneſs*
Maternal] *motherly*

Morpheus

Morpheus] *said to be the God of Sleep*
Menſtruous] *putrid, defiled*
Mitigate] *leſſen the matter*

N.

Nauſeate] *upbraid*
Neuter] *one of neither ſide*
Nonſenſical] *blockiſh, empty, idle diſcourſe*
Neceſſitated] *compelled by need*
Narrate] *declare*
Novel] *new*
Naturalized] *of another Countrey by birth, but made an Engliſh, &c. by a National aſſent.*

O.

Oppulent] *rich, wealthy, abounding in treaſure*
Orpheus] *a famous Muſician, and Poet, who made the Trees and Stones to follow him,* ut aiunt
Obliterated] *wiped out*
Odious] *hateful*
Odoriferous] *ſweet of ſcent*

P.

Placable] *eaſie to be intreated*
Plunder] *rob, or ſteal* cum privilegio

Pan

Pan] *the God of Shepherds*
Parricide] *murthering of the Male Parent*
Parcimonious] *thrifty*

Q.

Querie] *a proposal as requiring the ſolution of ſome doubts*
Quiddities] *niceties*

R.

Regicide] *King-killing*
Robuſt] *ſtrong of body*
Rational] *ſenſible*
Rural] *belonging to the Countrey*

S.

Sanitate] *heal*
Subjugate] *bring under*
Subſtitute] *appoint another*
Support] *uphold*
Stupefie] *defile, or raviſh*
Stupid] *dull, lumpiſh*

Tantaliz

T.

Tantalize] *to view the thing desired, but not being able to attain it*
Tartarus] *Hell*
Tarnish] *Eclipse, or dim a lustre*

V.

Venereous] *sensual, wantonly inclin'd*
Vituperate] *maligne, slander, &c.*
Vivacious] *lively, lusty, &c.*
Varnish] *wash over rottenness with pleasant colours*
Virago] *a masculine woman*

Warlike] *addicted to Armes, desirous of Military imployment.*

FINIS.

The Wonderful, and most deplorable H
story of the latter Times of the *Jewes*: wi
the Destruction of the City of *Jerusalem*
Titus. This History begins where the Ho
Scriptures do end. By *Josephus Ben Gorion*.

The History of the most vile *Dimagas*
who by Treachery and Poyson blasted the
comparable Beauty of Divine *Rarthenia*; i
ter-woven with the History of *Amorozo* a
Celania. By *John Quarles*, Gent.

Sold by *John Stafford* at his House in *Geor*
Yard, near to *Fleet-Bridge*.